

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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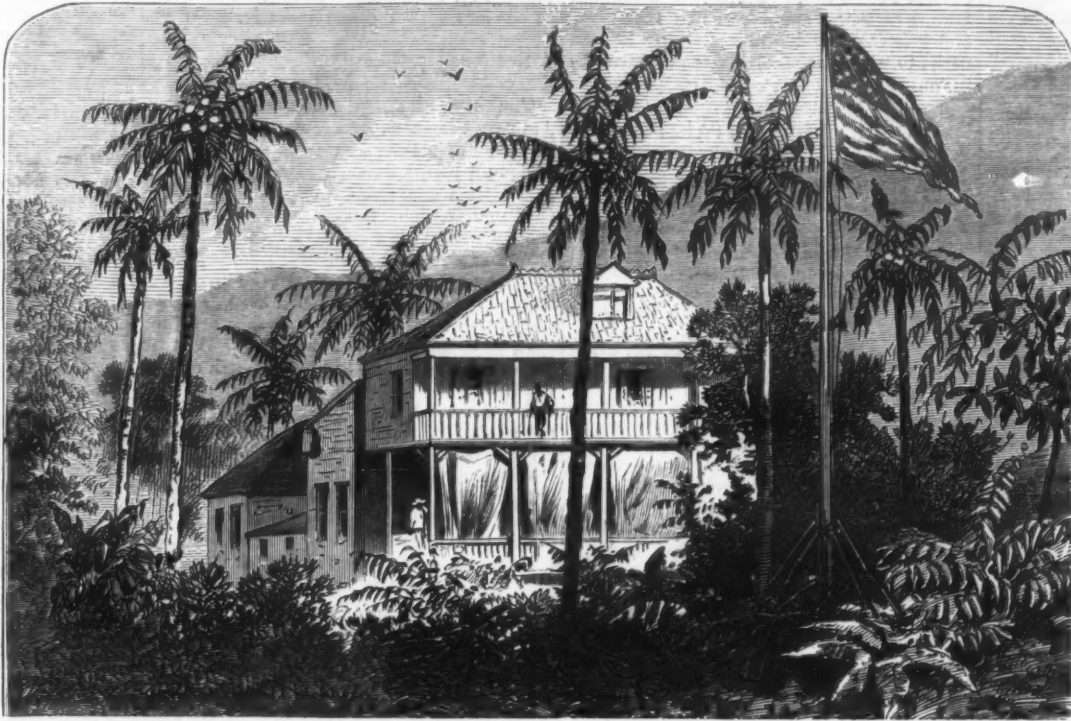
NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1871.

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DISINTEGRATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The movements in this direction indicate a settled purpose, equally manifest in Australia as in the British North American possessions. The views we expressed last year are now countenanced, not only in those northern provinces, but also by legislative and popular discussion in the "fifth quarter of the world," as the Island-Continent of Australia is sometimes Hibernically styled.

It is now so well understood that British Statesmanship actually favors a disruption of its own Empire—one of the most astonishing facts in the history of governments—that legislative movements are initiated in that remote region for arranging terms of friendly separation from the "Mother Country." Curiously enough, a prominent personage in proposing an amicable arrangement for separation, is Mr. Gavan Duffy, formerly editor of the *Dublin Nation*, now a Member of Parliament in Australia, who was banished for

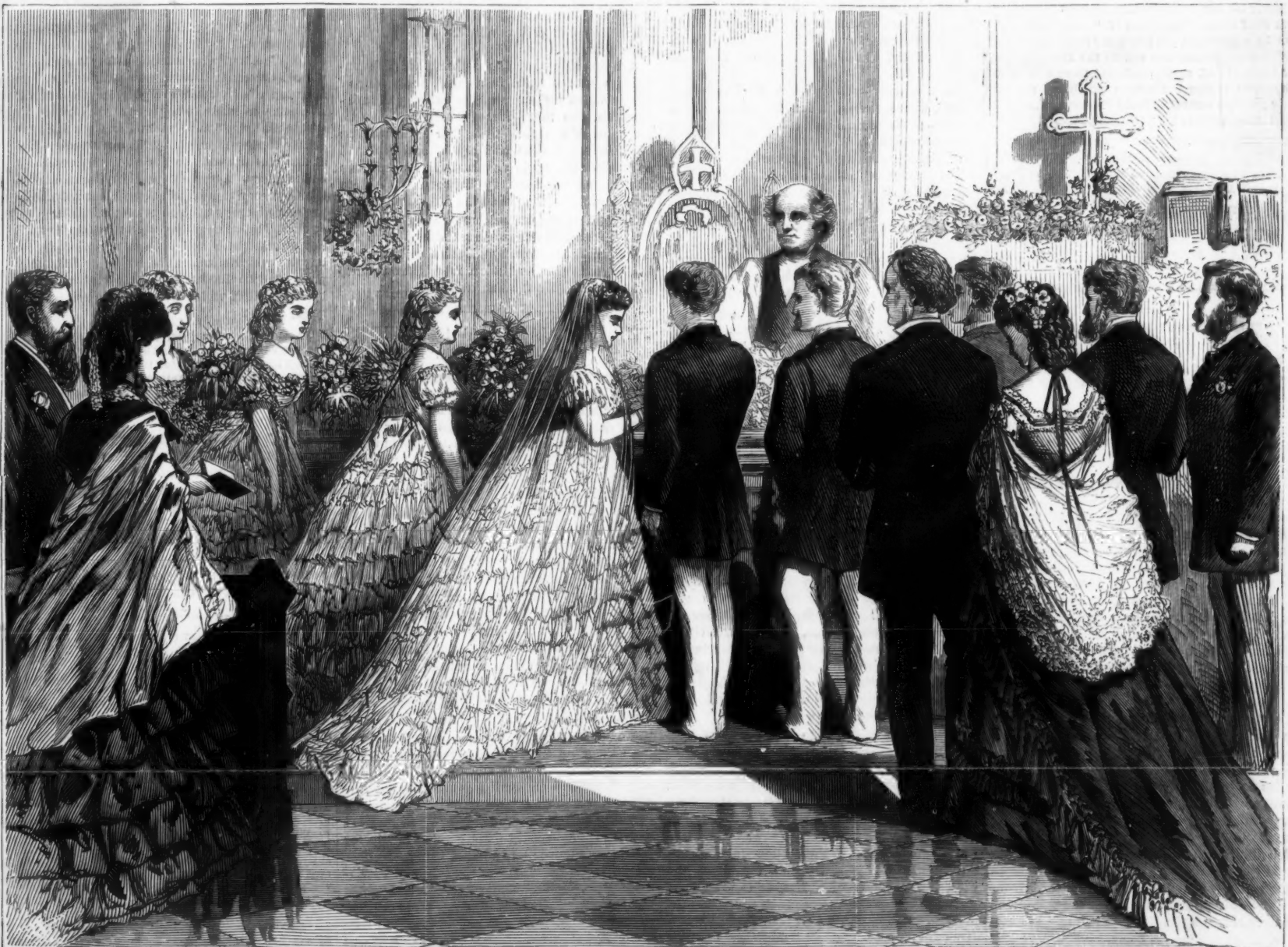


THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—AMERICAN EMBASSY AT PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI.—THE RESIDENCE OF MINISTER BASSETT. FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 69.

his efforts to effect a separation between England and his native land.

Times and circumstances have wonderfully changed in these respects within the last thirty years—as shown strongly in movements of the British Government for organizing its vast North American possessions into a "New Dominion," capable of maintaining itself as an independent nationality—even though, in future exercise of its own will, the new nation should conclude to annex itself to the United States. How different is all this from the state of things when British troops were shooting and Royal Judges were hanging men who sympathized with Mackenzie in well-meant though ill-concerted movements for rendering Canada independent, only one-third of a century ago!

Mr. Duffy's proposition is, that legislative provision shall be made for formally ascertaining what is now generally understood by intelligent men under British sway, concerning the Disintegration Policy; and to solicit direction from the Mother Country concern-



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE WEDDING OF MR. W. S. HOYT AND MISS NETTIE CHASE, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF-JUSTICE, AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 67.

ing the most acceptable mode for accomplishing a result that seems to be equally desirable on both sides.

The amicable disintegration of the British Empire will form one of the most remarkable features of history. It will be without parallel in several respects. The greatest or most wide-spread Empire which the world ever saw, voluntarily surrendering political sway over possessions sufficient to form many large kingdoms or republics—regions which, until lately, it was the policy of Great Britain to acquire and retain as permanent adjuncts of its colossal power.

With such examples in the case of the British North American Provinces and in the Provinces of Australia, speculation may well busy itself about the probability of an extension of the Disintegration Policy to Ireland and to India—the two other great points of British vulnerability—toward which countries the arms of an enemy would be quickly, and probably effectually, turned, in case of collision with other powers. On these latter subjects, some curious features are showing themselves—as, for instance, in the recent formation of a society, embracing many loyal men in Dublin, for promoting the virtual independence of Ireland, under the specious guise of a federation with England—a proposed change which finds some countenance in the arrangements by which Hungary is now placed on an equal footing with its old Austrian oppressor in the "Austro-Hungarian Empire."

IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Completion by English Writers of Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

THIS paper will shortly begin to publish the concluding chapters of "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." They are written with high literary art, advisedly, and in sympathy with the unfinished earlier part. The fact is that Mr. DICKENS, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work, and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in.

All these, with much more of data, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are really conveying a benefit, as well as a pleasure, to the world, in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "MYSTERY" has given rise. They believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up what its bearer left merely in brilliant fragments.

We shall soon lay the novel of "EDWIN DROOD," from its commencement, before our readers. Of the English continuation they will be the first perusers. Our pages are all copyrighted, and there will be no competition amongst American publishers for the honor we have secured of first introducing this completed masterpiece to the American public.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEW PAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1871.

Notice.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN TEXAS: Owing to the disorderly condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

SANTO DOMINGO IN THE SENATE.

THE recent speech of Mr. Sumner on Santo Domingo avoids the pregnant question of the desirability of the acquisition of that dubious State. It is a vindication of the Constitution against Executive assumption and presumption—a reminder of our responsibility under international law, and of our duties to the Republican States of America, of which we are the head, and to which we owe the highest example of moderation and justice. It is an indictment of the President, and the inexperienced and incapable, not to say corrupt military adventurers and nobodies by whom he is surrounded, and sternly arraigns them all at the bar of public opinion. It convicts the Executive of practically usurping the war power of the nation; of interfering in the internal affairs of one country, whose chief he incites to treason; and of overruling another country by threats and displays of power—displays of power and active interposition, which, if made in proper place and time, would have saved the South from the state of civil war in which the President himself assures us it is actually involved. He has doubts as to his legal or constitutional right and power to restore and preserve order in the United States; but none at all as to taking part in a civil war in an-

other country, in the interest of a traitor and usurper!

The speech of Mr. Sumner, and the subsequent brilliant assault of Mr. Schurz on the President and his policy, have probably, for the present, effectually killed off the Santo Domingo project, which also suffered severely from the feeble attempts of such relative pigmies as Howe and Morton to defend the measure and its originator. It seems certain that no attempt will be made to force the matter on Congress at this session. The President and his friends are politic enough to see that their sole hope is to wait until the effect of the Senate debate is weakened by lapse of time, and until the indefensible proceedings which have attended the whole business of Santo Domingo are obscured in the blaze of flaming reports on the glories and grandeurs of the proposed acquisition. In the interval, the power and patronage of the President will be used to coerce refractory Senators, and to purchase the support of the venal. With the proverbial obstinacy of a narrow mind, we may be sure General Grant will adhere to his darling scheme to the last, overlooking the political lessons of New Hampshire and Connecticut, and indifferent to the fate of the Republican party, to whom he owes his rescue from oblivion.

OFFICIAL BRUTALITY.

A FEW, or, perhaps, more than a few days ago, a case occurred, literally in our midst, which can be stigmatized only by the term which heads this article—OFFICIAL BRUTALITY.

If it were the only case, we might accept it as a mere negligence on the part of those who attend to the health of our citizens. But, when we remember it is simply a reduplication of the carelessness in the case of Mr. Looney, last winter—of Mr. Gowans, the bookseller, a temperance man, who fell in a fit only a short distance from his own house, and was taken to a cell in the station-house, where he died, before it became apparent to the police that he needed medical assistance, rather than incarceration, even for a limited time—of Mr. Buckingham Smith, formerly Secretary of Legation in Spain and Chargé d'Affaires in Mexico, who, on falling in a like manner, was dragged off to a station-house—of a charitable lady, who had a vial-full of brandy in her pocket, and was knocked down by an omnibus in Broadway, to be treated precisely in the same disgusting manner, it becomes necessary for the Press of New York to call attention to the matter.

The physician who was called in to a talented young artist named Vogt, had neglected to attend to the symptoms of illness apparent in him. When, after a few days, he had, at last, discovered symptoms of varioloid, he informed an officer of the Board of Health.

The officer had the patient removed to Bellevue Hospital.

He was subsequently sent to Blackwell's Island, where he died, a few days after, of congestion of the brain.

So far, so good.

It might pass without comment.

The patient might have died from smallpox—a well-developed case of it. Such an accident, or visitation of Providence, might overtake any of us. None can evade such a chance. All are liable to it. Crape and the requisite quantity of mourners would have followed him to the grave, supposing he had any friends to mourn over him. This would be all.

Unfortunately, for the officials who attend the patients to that suburban retreat, and the medical officers who receive the human cargo at their hands, an uncle of Mr. Vogt visited him there. This gentleman witnessed two instances of most atrocious neglect, or cruelty, on the part of the first of these. In one instance, "a man was carried over with bare feet and with no other covering than his night-clothes. On the landing of the boat there was no one to receive him, and the deck-hands refused to touch him or come near him, and would have nothing to do with him, so that, in this condition, the poor fellow, covered with the virus, was compelled to walk through the snow and slush up to the hospital alone."

In another case, "a woman was brought over for whom no preparations had been made. There was neither stretcher nor attendance of any kind to receive her, and the men who brought her across dumped the unfortunate creature on the ground, and left her there."

We unhesitatingly say that the Board of Health is responsible for neglect and brutality in both these cases.

They have the power to send any person infected with a contagious disease to the hospitals provided for such cases. It may be an unwise power to confer upon any body of men, save when a large city is stricken by a veritable pestilence. But they have it. If they exercise it without any knowledge or care as to the action of their subordinates—the officials at Bellevue Hospital, on board the boat, or at Blackwell's Island, can only be their agents—we conceive them to be exhibiting a degree of most culpable brutality.

The man who commits murder is not so

great a criminal as the man who pays him for its commission. In like manner, the brutality of the official is simply the result of the gross negligence or criminal ignorance of his employer.

Which is it?

If the first, is he not amenable to punishment? If the last, ought he not at once to be dismissed?

We offer these questions to the Government of this city in no captious spirit. The brute who maltreats a horse or a dog in our city is looked after by Mr. Bergh. It appears to us that humanity is of, at least, as much value as the brute creation. Possibly, even, of more. And both man and beast should be protected.

The situation is vacant.

We can promise a crown of fadeless laurel, like that won by Howard the Philanthropist, to any one who will step out and teach Official Surgery and the Board of Health that a poor devil who is done to death by them, or about being so done, has, through his friends, a legitimate ground of complaint.

If the gallows is, perchance, too heavy a penalty, the State's Prison would be too light an one for such OFFICIAL BRUTALITY.

"ALL SERENE!"

THE answer of the Isthmus, like that of the Antilles, swings at a giddy elevation! The explorers of Darien and spies of Santo Domingo all report on their respective doings, in language exhausting every superlative of the language, which is weak for the Wades and the Selfridges! We are told that the latter have solved the question of an Inter-oceanic Canal, and found a pass in the Cordilleras of Darien "only 150 feet high." Well, worthy mariner, what of it? Do you propose to go over that summit, or cut through it? If the latter, you will require to add the depth of the canal, 35 feet below, to the 150 of cutting above the sea level—an open cutting, at the summit, of 185 feet! Do you propose to lock up and down? If so, where are you to get the water for your upper levels?

It is well enough, as a general contribution to geography, that the Isthmus of Darien should be explored; and the pretext of making the exploration in pursuit of that chimera, an Inter-oceanic Canal, is sufficiently good, or as good as necessary. But all the world knows that the only practicable route for such a canal (which, however, is not in any way demanded by the interests of the United States, and of which the very slight advantages would result to Great Britain, which has got and will hold the commerce of the South Pacific), is through Nicaragua, where a cutting of 48 feet would permit the waters of two great lakes to flow into the Pacific, and where a vertical lockage of 128 feet is all that is requisite to open a canal.

A new survey of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, with reference to a canal, is also one of the brilliant measures of the existing Administration, the members of which seem to be ignorant of the fact that this Isthmus has been surveyed time and again, and is about as familiar to people acquainted with isthmus transits, as the territory between the White House and the Capitol to the President.

General Grant is welcome to all the *éclat* that he and his imposing Cabinet may derive from Santo Domingo, Darien and Tehuantepec. All that the nation is called on to do, is to pay the bills for Executive vagaries.

THE GERMANS AT ELECTIONS, AS WELL AS IN THE FIELD.

HOWEVER zealously united in defending their native land—however anxious for the inclusion of their many States under the flag of one powerful nationality—the Germans appear to be equally careful of their personal rights under the Imperial Government which their bravery has created.

Military glory has not dazzled their eyes or disturbed their minds concerning political issues affecting their domestic affairs. The complexion of parties in the Imperial Parliament indicates that the voters at home, in all the States of the Empire, have been about as firm in asserting their personal rights by electing representatives of their opinions, as their brethren in the field were in defending the national rights of the Fatherland. People who predicted widely different results are hugely mistaken.

The elections, as far as results are known, through all the States of Germany, indicate that there has been full as much independence and discrimination shown by the voters as was the case in the most pacific times. Such results of popular action, amid the clouds and passions of warfare, are truly cheering—especially cheering to Americans, whose sympathies went with the Germans in their great struggle for National Defense and National Unity.

The members-elect for the Imperial Parliament are classified under half-a-dozen names—a diversity indicating that the monarch and the aristocracy, strong as they may seem, cannot make, even if inclined, any serious inroad

on popular rights. The "National Liberal Party," the "Free Conservative Party," the "Progressive Party," the "Social Democracy," and the "Catholic Party"—such are the prominent characteristics among the members of that body. And when we consider the divisions which may and will probably arise from local and other considerations not now apparent, it seems probable, yes, certain, that no measure inimical to popular rights can be forced through the Imperial Parliament, especially when it is known that the influence of the Crown-Prince is honorably recognized on the Liberal side. So, all hail, Old Germany! sensible in council as well as firm in the field.

THE question whether the weather can be influenced by artificial means, has again come up for discussion in scientific circles. The idea that large fires do, in some way, bring on rain, is very old; it was for the first time stated as a fact and explained on scientific grounds by the late Professor Espy. His theory was, that the heating of the air causes a rapidly ascending current, and that the moisture which air near the surface always contains, is thus carried into the upper regions of the atmosphere to be condensed and to fall as rain. In support of this view, he gave several instances in which rain did immediately follow the kindling of a fire, when no clouds had previously been visible, but in a problem of this nature, negative examples have more weight than positive; and it is necessary to admit that, though in some very remarkable instances rain has followed a large fire, in other instances, quite as remarkable, there is no notice of rain. Explosions, whether volcanic or from artillery, are generally believed to result in rain. Certainly, during the period of the late great battles around Metz, the whole of Luxembourg and a great part of Belgium was drenched with rain, which fell daily for weeks. The general opinion amongst naval men is, that heavy firing beats down the wind and produces a calm; and it is tolerably certain that this is frequently the case, more especially if the wind is light. Whether it does or not, the sudden irruption of millions of cubic feet of gas into the lowest strata of the atmosphere and within a very limited area, must have a tendency to cause disturbance, a tendency increased by the undulatory movement due to the noise of the guns. On the whole, it is nearly certain that large fires, explosions, battles and earthquakes, do tend to cause atmospheric disturbance, and especially, to induce a fall of rain; but that for the tendency to produce effect, it is necessary that other conditions should be suitable; that rain does not follow, unless the lower air contain a great deal of moisture.

THE Legislature of Missouri has had before it a petition of 2,000 females who want the franchise. The leading spirits in getting it up, interviewed Governor Brown, who said he had "an abundance of woman's rights in his house." Allusion was made to a speech of the Governor's on the suffrage question in the United States Senate three years ago, but the Governor seemed at this juncture to be possessed of a conveniently bad memory. A remark from Miss Cozins caused the Governor to ask whether she was not a little prejudiced against the marriage relation. She answered in the negative, and said that although not married, she had been surrounded by the happiest associations all through her life. She proceeded to illustrate her view of marriage by a quotation, which we cannot do better than quote again:

"A molecule of oxygen roaming lonely through space, seeking for its mate, but finding none, when of a sudden in some hideous nook it discovers a molecule of hydrogen, when lo! there is a rush, an embrace, and there is neither any more oxygen nor hydrogen, but a diamond drop of dew reposing on the white bosom of the lily."

Miss Cozins added that she was a molecule of hydrogen, whereupon the Governor remarked that he should immediately advertise for some oxygen round there. The correspondent informs us that Miss Cozins is young and exceedingly attractive, so that it may be expected that she will shortly be discovered by a molecule of oxygen, although let us hope that it will not be necessary to seek her in a "hideous nook." Perhaps "hideous" is a misprint for "hidden."

LORD BROUGHAM, writing his own autobiography at the age of ninety, dwells gleefully on the times when, in the exuberance of his youthful spirits, his favorite amusement was to sing riotous songs in the streets of Edinburgh at three o'clock in the morning, wring off knockers and to tear out the brass handles of bells. Among other things, he tells this ghost story:

"Oral such objects as ghosts my father was very skeptical. He was fond of telling a story in which he had been an actor, and, as he used to say, in which his unbelieving obstinacy had been the means of demolishing what would have made a very pretty ghost story. He had been dining in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr. Camel. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs. Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstances, and had been buried in the Abbey. Some one offered to bet that no one of those present would go down

into the grave and drive a nail into the coffin. Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and there left to himself. The dinner party, after waiting an hour or more for Calmel, began to think something must have happened to him, and that he ought to be looked after; so my father and two or three more got a light and went to the grave, at the bottom of which lay the apparently dead body of Mr. Calmel. He was quickly transported to the prebend's dining-room, and recovered out of his fainting fit. As soon as he could find his tongue, he said: "Well, I have won my wager, and you'll find the nail in the coffin; but, by Jove! the lady rose up, laid hold of me, and pulled me down before I could scramble out of the grave!" Calmel stuck to his story, in spite of all the scoffing of his friends; and the ghost of Mrs. Nightingale would have been all over the town but for my father's obstinate incredulity. Nothing would satisfy him but an ocular inspection of the grave and coffin; and so, getting a light, he and some of the party returned to the grave. There, sure enough, was the nail, well driven into the coffin; but, hard fixed by it, was a bit of Mr. Calmel's coat-tail! So there was an end of Mrs. Nightingale's ghost. This grave afterward became remarkable for a very beautiful piece of sculpture, by some celebrated artist, representing Mr. Nightingale vainly attempting to ward from his dying wife the dart of Death."

TRIAL by Jury is an institution which dates from the most barbarous period of English history. Of all courts of law, that in which the verdict is given by a jury is the worst, inasmuch as the scales of justice are there held, not by educated and experienced judges who have been trained by daily practice to detect the schemes of rogues and murderers, but by ordinary and ignorant people who know nothing of such matters—narrow-minded, gross, incapable of sustained attention, and often during the trial thinking of nothing but their own affairs. They are called upon to disentangle the tissue of lies offered for their examination. Not being able to discover the difference between apparent and real truth, they commonly abandon themselves, in this befogged condition, to a sort of calculus of probabilities, according to which they pronounce a verdict involving the life or death of their neighbor. The advocates of this institution rely on the impartiality of this *malignum vulgus*; than which reliance nothing can be more absurd.

THE *Anglo-American Times* flatters our comic artist. It says:

"It is charged against the comic papers of London that the hideous caricatures they make of the disaffected portion of the Irish people—which, by-the-way, is far smaller and less influential than the great body of Americans suppose—breed ill-will more than their bitterest words or their crudest jokes. Our beautifully illustrated contemporary, FRANK LESLIE, however, distances all the comic papers of London in its humorous wood-cuts on its back page. The most hideous 'Pat' ever sketched is to be found in the issue of February 25th, wherein FRANK LESLIE caricatures the reception given to the Irish exiles in America—'Honest Pat and the Touters.' FRANK LESLIE never flatters anybody in that portion of the newspaper, Brother Jonathan as little as John Bull; but the artist must certainly have taken a gorilla for his model of 'Pat.'"

THE European, or, rather, London Conference of "Great Powers," has completed its labors, and has settled, first, that no power can liberate itself from its engagements except with the consent of all other parties interested; secondly, that the clauses of the Treaty of Paris neutralizing the Black Sea are abrogated. Thirdly, the Sultan is authorized, if he sees danger to the Treaty of Paris, to admit the war-ships of his allies, even in time of peace, into the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Fourthly, the European Commission of the Danube is prolonged for another twelve years. We have only to say that if Turkey agrees to their new arrangements, as she appears to do, they can produce only this mischief—that she can henceforward keep a fleet in the Black Sea, and so become insolvent a year or two sooner than she otherwise would.

THE HOYT-CHASE WEDDING.

THE most brilliant feature of Hymen's reign at the National Capital this winter was the marriage of Mr. William S. Hoyt to Nettie, the accomplished daughter of Chief-Justice Chase, on the 23d of March. The ceremony was performed at St. John's Church, immediately after the eleven o'clock Lenten service. The purple coverings were removed from altar and reading-desk, and white ones substituted, and the font was filled with an immense bouquet of exquisite flowers—the white calla, the scarlet geranium, the heliotrope, heart's-ease, and white sprays of deutzia, interspersed with green leaves—while trailing vines hung over the sides of the font. The chancel-rail was covered with moss, imbedded in which were yellow daffodils, white azaleas, and purple pansies, the daffodils predominating, and looking like golden stars. At intervals were four large, round, moss-covered baskets, out of which beautiful flowers appeared to be growing. The church was quickly filled with distinguished ladies and gentlemen, the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the Government and the Army and Navy.

There were four ushers, Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., Mr. Frederick May, Captain Ward, and Baron von Alvensleben, of the Prussian Legation. All wore English morning dresses, frock-coats and light pantaloons. Their gloves were a pretty shade of lavender. Besides a button-hole bouquet, they wore blue satin rosettes.

Punctually at one o'clock, the appointed hour, Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who officiated,

entered the chancel in his Episcopal robes, and, after kneeling for a few moments at the altar, seated himself in the bishop's chair. At the same time the organist began a low symphony, and continued to play until the wedding party entered the church, some half hour afterward. The bride entered last, leaning, as if really needing support, on the arm of her father, the Chief-Justice. Reaching the altar, the bridesmaids went to the left, the groomsmen to the right, while the bride and groom stood together in the centre. The Chief-Justice stood just behind the bride, and Mrs. Sprague a little to his right. It was a beautiful and striking tableau—the venerable bishop in his robes, the five graceful young girls in white, the five fine-looking young men, the venerable Chief-Justice, and the queenly Mrs. Sprague.

The bride's dress was entirely composed of many thicknesses of white illusion with flounces on the train and across the front, bound with white satin. The overskirt was caught up with wreaths of orange-blossoms. Orange-blossoms fastened the long veil to the graceful head. The veil fell over the face and entirely enveloped the bride, reaching almost to the bottom of her train. Her bouquet was of white roses; her jewels, pearls and diamonds, a string of pearls forming the necklace, with a medallion set in pearls and diamonds pendent.

The groom and groomsmen all wore the English morning dress.

The reception was held at the residence of Senator Sprague, after the ceremony, and hither came all the High Commissioners, who adjourned an hour earlier to do honor to the Chief-Justice and his daughter. Hither came the younger attachés of the Commission. Hither came the President and the Secretary of the Navy, the Attorney-General, Senators, officers of Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, and numerous diplomats. And hither came the ladies sharing the rank of some of the dignitaries mentioned, and not snarling, but absorbing the better half of the general attention. The same guests who were seen at the church were present at the reception, with few exceptions, and with many additions to their number.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt are to make an extended European journey. The lady has already been elevated into an enviable publicity by the appearance of some beautiful water-colors and illustrations from her pencil.

BLAINE AND BUTLER—"MAKING HISTORY."

(See our Comic, on last page.)

THE peculiarly saccharine relations between Speaker Blaine and Gen. B. F. Butler are explained by a little anecdote attributed directly to the latter gentleman. The Speaker, it is said, was considered by Mr. Butler to have committed himself to the promise of the chairmanship of the Committee on Reconstruction to the General. Contemporaneously with this promise, however, the Speaker is alleged to have engaged with the actual incumbent, Mr. Hooper, that he should not be disturbed in his chair. Butler, it is said, was unable to see the Speaker up to the day when the committees were named. On this day, the story goes, Blaine was first discovered in prayer, at his desk, his eyes lowered, and his ears attentively gathering in the periods of the chaplain's invocation.

Immediately upon conclusion of the prayer, Blaine quickly went out to the room of the Committee on Appropriations, where Butler at once followed him, but was prevented entering the room by "Willie," the favorite messenger. "Don't disobey orders, Willie," said General Butler; "but he didn't order you not to take this to him, did he?" (handing him a card, on which was written a message distinctly stating that he (Butler) wished to see the Speaker and was waiting outside the door.)

The General then waited for some minutes, until a report was accidentally brought him that the Speaker might be seen in his place at the desk! Opening with reluctance the door of the Committee-Room, the messenger discovered that the wise bird had flown. "How did the Speaker leave this room, Willie?" said the General. "Well," answered Willie, scratching his head, "the only thing he could have gone out of was that there window," pointing to an open window leading to the southern balcony, from which he could select either one of several passages into the House not visible from the door of the Appropriation Committee's room. Mr. Butler's acerbity, when the thought of Speaker Blaine now crosses his mind, is explained.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Inside Paris.—Purification of the Place de l'Etoile.—Germans Waiting for a Passage.—Penalty of Speaking to the Enemy.—Germans at the Tuilleries.—First Departure of Foreign Troops.—The Buttes de Montmartre.

The German entry of March 1st found Paris one long cemetery. After the shortest of sojourns, the Germans evacuated; and upon this, the Paris *gamins*, who have delicate noses, declared that the scene of the intrusion was in need of fumigation. The brave little rascals watched impatiently for the departure of the last Uhlan; and then they brought together a quantity of bundles of straw, which were piled from space to space around the Arch of Triumph of the Star; then they set fire to the heaps, whose smoke rolled after the vanishing tails and hoofs of the German cavalry; and the magnificent Arch, the tabernacle of French glory, was declared by these astute young acolytes to be purified.

While the Germans were passing along the Place de l'Etoile toward the Arc de Triomphe, confusion was caused by the junction of two lines of infantry, and a halt was ordered. Some of the troops diverged down the by-streets, and sat down upon the pavement to rest themselves, until the route of entry was again arranged.

There were several quarrels between the Germans and the Parisians after the capitulation, and more than one of the former were hustled and assaulted. Englishmen, too, and even French persons, were ill-treated for speaking to the Germans. Some German soldiers asked their way from a young gentleman, who naturally replied with courtesy, and gave the required information. A few blouses were watching, and when the soldiers were at a safe distance, they sprang on the unfortunate individual who had been

so good-humored as to answer the German inquiries. He was assailed with blows, and knocked down. When he was on the ground, a ruffian in a blue blouse deliberately leapt upon his body and trampled on him. It was a miracle that he escaped with his life.

The German soldiers were at first quite shy of the public places of Paris, but on the second day they extended their wanderings to the Champs Elysées, and the once beautiful garden of the Tuilleries. Here for several hours they sauntered about, plucking sprigs of evergreen from the trees in the Palace Gardens, for their helmets, and forming knots about the statuary, where individual adventures of the war were recounted over an array of ubiquitous pipes.

The advanced guard of the German troops left Paris by way of the Champs Elysées after dark on the evening of March 2d. They were loudly cheered by their comrades quartered in the buildings at the side of the main avenue, where their road was lighted with torches and candles, held in elegantly shaped candelabra by the other Germans. The last of the army of occupation had reached and passed the Arc de Triomphe before ten o'clock on the following morning, and in another half hour they were all outside the circuit of the fortifications of Paris.

The Parisian Radicals became intensely excited at the German occupation of the city, and the denizens of Montmartre were especially indignant. Resolved that no portion of the army of occupation should ever penetrate into their quarters, they erected barricades, and organized formidable batteries of artillery. Upon the withdrawal of the Germans, it was supposed these citizens and troops would surrender their war materials; but, owing to the exertions of the Red faction, they refused to do so, strengthened their batteries, pillaged a quantity of Government powder stores, and guarded their stronghold more zealously than ever. The guns were pointed over the city, and a general bombardment was threatened should an attempt be made by the Government to dislodge them.

France.—Signing the Treaty of Peace.

Forcing France to sign a treaty of peace is a study dreary enough, and, while it should be considered from a French standpoint, the world will understand the companionship of the desolation exhibited on the face of the ideal France, and that seen in hundreds of localities on that of the actual. The coat-of-arms broken and beneath the foot of a Prussian; the act of despoiling the treasury of its precious stores; the stiffened, bleeding bodies of some children; the forcible abstraction of others, typifying the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; the menacing presence of the conquerors, covering her breast with the dagger, revolver and burning torch; the two fingers pointing significantly to the strip of parchment—all these go to compose the picture of humiliation, in which France sits as the central figure. Such a picture tells a horrible story, and, while Germany questions its accuracy, France is positive that the half has not been told. The great world looks on both pictures—pities the great losses of France, and praises the military efficiency of Germany.

England.—Concert for the Poor in London.

On Saturday evening, February 25th, the Society for the Improvement of the Italians in London, gave an entertainment to the poor Italians and other foreigners in the city, at the Birkbeck Institution, Chancery Lane. There was an abundant supply of refreshments, and the company, numbering about five hundred persons, represented France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, England, and other large countries. Count Tergolina and his son volunteered their literary and vocal aid, the latter being enthusiastically cheered for his Italian singing.

ART NOTES.

MR. W. H. BEARD received a number of prominent citizens on the evening of March 28th, at the Studio Building, on Tenth street, N. Y., for the exhibition of his designs for the entrance to the projected Museum of Art in Central Park. The design showing the general effect was surmounted by a building, but the architectural sketch was professedly only done for the purpose of illustrating that effect. The designs properly number three, and consist of two for entrances and one for an interior court. Mr. Beard's notion is to excavate a grotto with two approaches. The chief of these begins with two colossal and grotesque figures, typical of ignorance and superstition. Beyond these the sides of the cavern are studded with images and animals, typifying the impediments of the progress of art, until the main subterranean court is reached, where the triumph of civilization is figured in a series of statues of ideal and actual subjects, culminating with the statue of Shakespeare. The other approach is of the same general character, except that the wardens of the portal are in this case brute, and not human figures. There is also provision for an exterior entrance, consisting of a stately stairway. The designs were much commended, in addresses made by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Parke Godwin, and others, and are certainly unhackneyed and bold.

MR. CHURCH, our great landscape artist, exhibits at Goupil's, in this city, his last grand picture, representing Jerusalem as seen from the Mount of Olives. The treatment is rather literal than romantic, and a score of definable localities about the Holy City are clearly made out. The Mosque of Omar, the Beautiful Gate, Holy Sepulchre, and other particulars, glitter with the distinctness of pearl-work amid a landscape tinged with the somewhat raw green of early spring, and over a foreground studied with all Mr. Church's exactness of detail. A certain unity of design and consistency of chiaro oscuro make this picture even more adapted to engraving than were the "Heart of the Andes," the "Niagara," and the "Damascus."

LAURA KEENE'S NEW ENTERPRISE.

THERE are few among the theatre-goers of New York who will not be glad to see the announcement of Laura Keene's name once more as a manageress—that name at the head of an establishment being a guarantee that good taste, untiring energy, and vast experience, will be devoted to provide and secure a refined and first-class entertainment for her friends, whose name should be legion.

We think Laura Keene has been more than fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Creswick. This gentleman, who was some years since known in this country, is, we need scarcely say, one of the leading Tragic Artists of London. With a keen sense of the necessities of the day, upon his first appearance as a manager, he boldly cut apart from his former line of business upon the stage; and while by no means abandoning his distinctive impersonations—while still, from time to time, giving his impassioned renderings of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, and other of the grander characters of the Mimic Scene—he struck into a new line, and invested the melodramatic personages of the latter era of the theatre with the legitimate fire and vigor which raised them beyond the position mere melodramatic acting had previously occupied.

It is this actor whom Miss Laura Keene purposes presenting to our public in one of those characters, of which he has refined the sensational element into positive art.

Reflecting upon his career, with all that is refined and elevated in connection with his repertory—poets, dramatists, artists, and censors—we shall look forward to his appearance with a peculiar and lively interest. From what we learn by the London critics, the strong features of Mr. W. Creswick's acting are: extreme naturalness, high finish, gracefulness, and remarkable facial expression. His physical powers are also spoken of as being equal to any claim to which they can possibly be subjected.

If all this be true, and we see no reason to doubt it, Miss Keene and the public may be congratulated upon the advent of such an artist as William Creswick.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE English Opera Troupe opened a season at De Bar's, St. Louis, Mo., on March 25th.

MISS MARY KREBS was the solo pianist at the Philharmonic concert, on Saturday night of last week.

THE Globe Theatre, Boston, the scene of the Fechter controversy, is to be disposed of by raffle, in June.

MR. F. S. CHANFRAU is to appear at Niblo's Garden, during the coming summer, in a piece written for him, entitled "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

THE sensational drama, "Across the Continent," has become very popular at Wood's Museum, New York. The author, Mr. O. D. Byron, appears in the character of Joe Ferris.

MR. BOOTH made his final appearance as *Othello* on Saturday last. During the run of the piece, he alternated with Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in the character of *Iago* and *Othello*.

MR. LEVY, the celebrated cornet-player, has returned to New York, after an absence of a year and a half. He played at the popular afternoon concert given on Saturday night last, at Association Hall.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS has been giving representations of his fine character-sketches at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., lately, supported by the stock from the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

THE Saturday popular concerts at Association Hall, New York, have been reduced again to a popular price, and on April 1st Mr. J. Levy, the cornet-player, Miss Edith Foster and Mr. Harry Sanderson appeared as soloists.

A new theatre is in course of construction in Brooklyn, on the site of old St. John's Episcopal church, which is expected to be ready for use in the fall. It has been leased by Mrs. Conway, of the Park, and is to be devoted to comedy.

MR. DALY, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has in preparation "Married for Money," and "Patter vs. Clatter," in which Charles Mathews is to appear. It is hoped that "The Game of Speculation" may be produced during the engagement of Mr. Mathews.

THE last afternoon performance of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's took place on Saturday, April 1st, before a good audience. It is reported that the piece will be revived again next winter, with spectacular displays far exceeding anything that has as yet been produced.

MR. CHARLES FECHTER appeared at the Boston Theatre, last week, in the character of *Oberon*, in his original dramatization of "No Thoroughfare," with Miss Leclercq as *Marquitta*. The drama was witnessed by a crowded audience, and the leading artists heartily applauded.

MR. BANDMANN, who, it will be remembered, came near killing his wife through an unlucky accident, while performing in Australia, was announced to begin an engagement in Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., about the 1st of April—appearing, with his wife, in "Narcisse."

BOUCICAULT's new play of "Jezebel"—a tale of love, bigamy, treachery and murder—was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on the 28th ult., with fine scenic accompaniments. The play furnishes representations of Parisian, Mexican and Swiss life, and has been favorably received.

W. HORACE LINGARD and his dramatic company have attracted fair-sized audiences at Lina Edwin's Theatre during the past week, where Mr. Lingard has appeared in several new songs and a series of sketches, many of which were comparatively fresh, and met with high commendation from the audiences.

THE affairs of the Holland testimonial have been substantially settled, and a report from the treasurer will shortly be published. The expenses amounted to less than \$1,900. \$500 have been paid over to the widow of Mr. Holland for immediate use, and \$12,000 in gold have been invested in United States securities for the family's benefit.

THE oratorio of the "Messiah" was rendered on the evening of March 31st, in Baltimore, Md., by Clara Louisa Kellogg and company. Over one hundred members of the Philharmonic Society of Washington City were in the chorus, and a full orchestra. The immense hall was densely packed. The performance throughout gave entire satisfaction.

RUMOR has been busy some time with the name of Nilsson in connection with Italian opera. On 24th, that negotiations have been entered into with Mr. James Fisk, by her agent, Mr. Henry Jarret, and they have reached that condition which enables us to promise a season of Italian opera next fall, under the immediate supervision of Mile. Nilsson herself, at the Grand Opera House.

SINCE its first appearance at the Olympic Theatre, New York, "Horizon" has been considerably condensed, and otherwise improved. The scenery is all new, and in some acts quite beautiful—that picturing the drawing-room, in the first act, is set with excellent taste. Mr. George L. Fox, as *Sundown House*, and Miss Ada Harland as *Columbia*, invest their parts with rich humor.

THE May concert of the Church Music Association promises to be a brilliant closing of the season. The "Niedermeyer Mass" is under careful rehearsal, and will undoubtedly make a very great impression on the listeners. The list of soloists for the occasion will include Anna Bishop, Clara Peri and Mr. Remmert. The orchestra at the concert will perform Auber's "Masaniello" overture in a style which will be without a parallel here.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL, finding that an aged and infirm actor, of Philadelphia, could not be admitted to the Old Men's Home, on account of lack of room, has arranged to allow him a yearly sum sufficient for his support during the remaining years of his life. This gentleman aided Miss Maggie by his personal advice when she was starting in the profession, and the little kindnesses bestowed by him are now returned by her one hundred-fold.

THE appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews, at San Francisco, Cal., on the 17th of March, created quite a *furor* in dramatic circles. The programme selected for the evening was the same as Mr. Mathews opened with at the Broadway Theatre in 1857. It consisted of two of his own pieces, the three-act comedy, "Married for Money," and the monologue farce, "Patter vs. Clatter." On the 20th, Mr. Mathews appeared as *Sir Frederick Raglary* and *Mr. Puff*, in Brinsley Sheridan's comedy of the "Critic," and as *Paddington Jones*, in "If I Had a Thousand a Year."

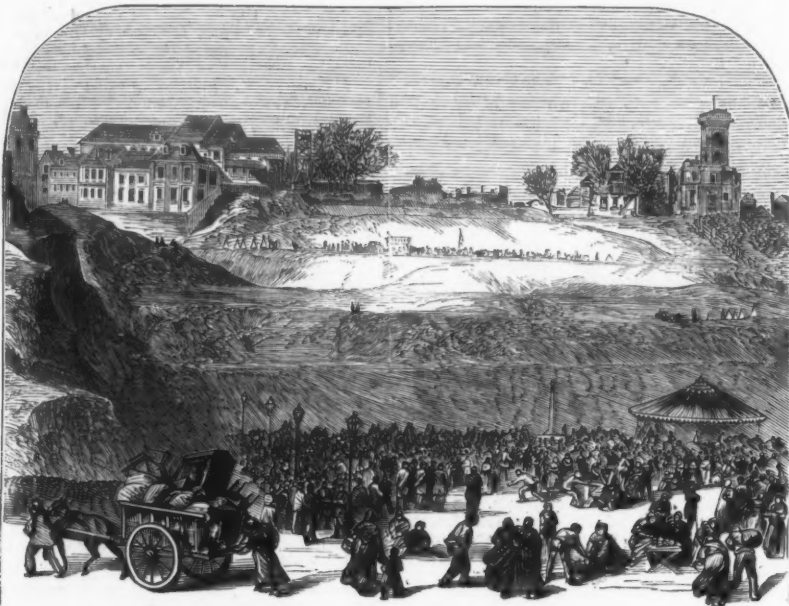
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



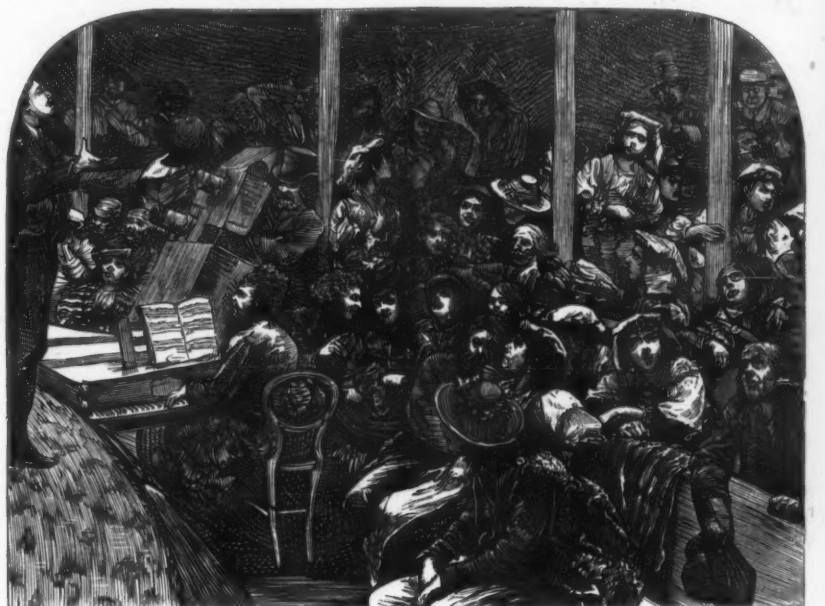
PARIS.—THE POPULACE, AFTER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION, "PURIFYING" THE PLACE DE L'ETOILE.



PARIS.—PENALTY OF SPEAKING WITH AN INVADER DURING THE ENTRY OF THE GERMAN TROOPS.



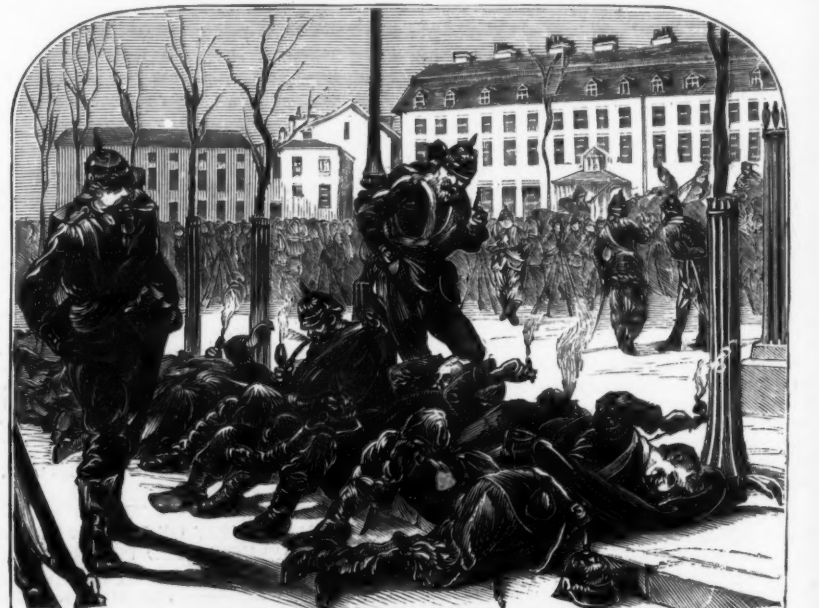
THE PARIS INSURRECTION.—POSITION HELD BY THE INSURGENTS ON THE BUTTES OF MONTMARTRE.



LONDON.—CONCERT IN AID OF THE FOREIGN POOR, AT THE BIRKBECK INSTITUTION, FEBRUARY 25TH.



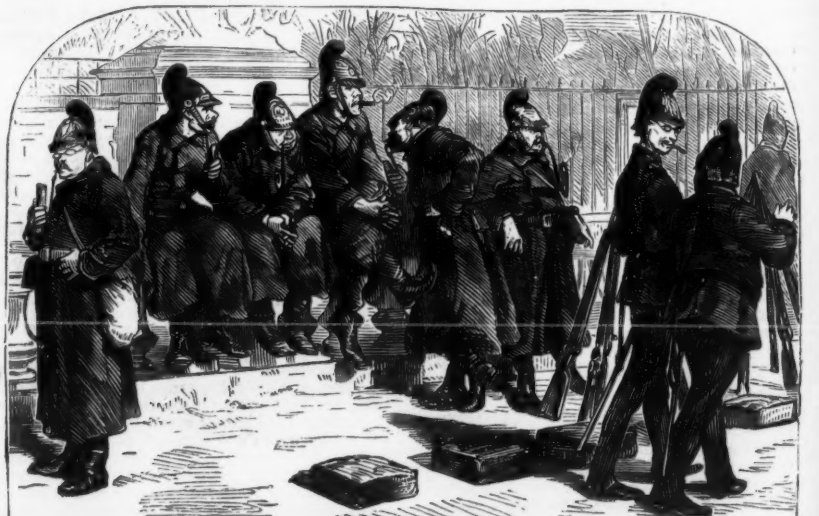
OCCUPATION OF PARIS.—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION.



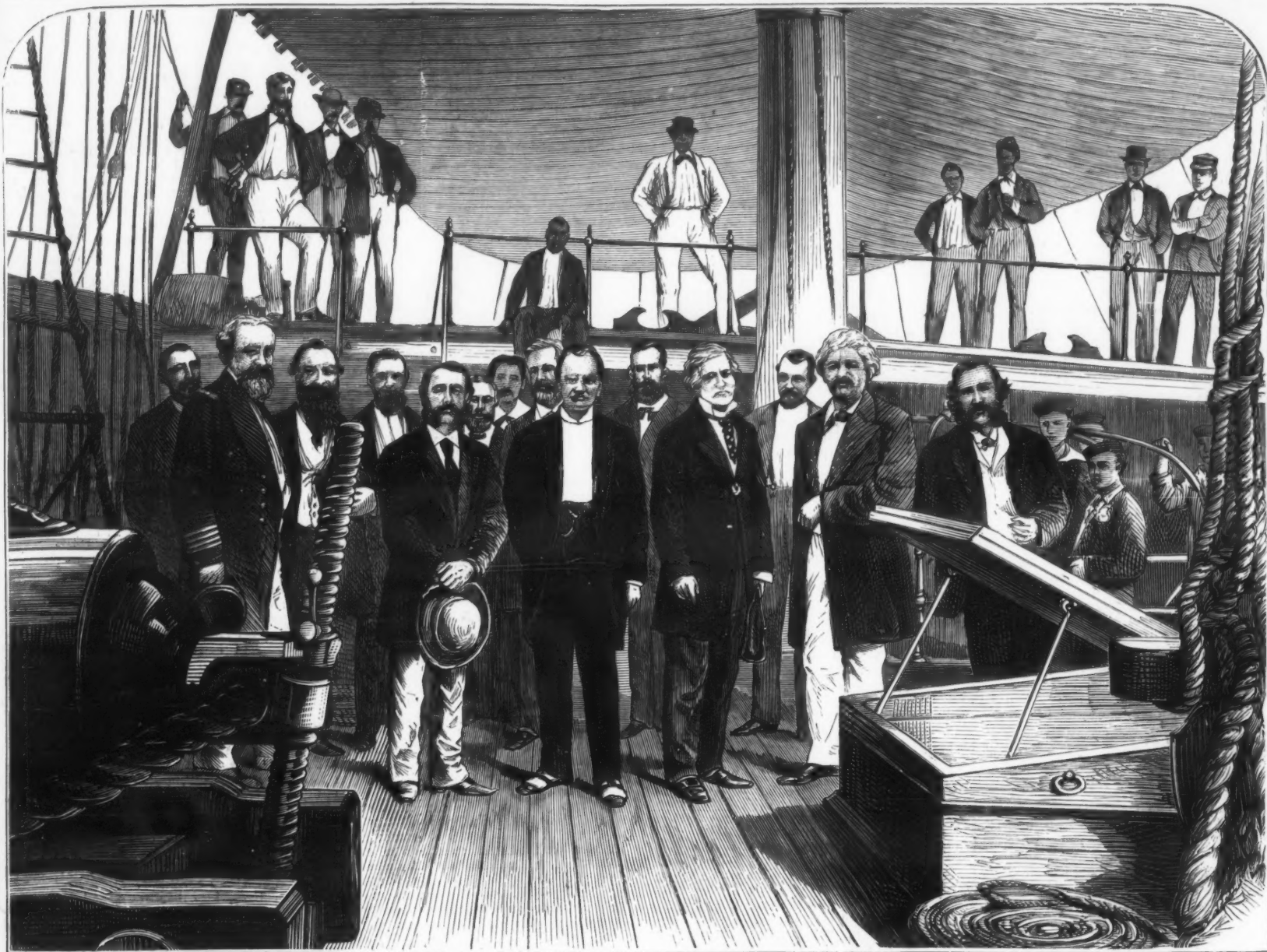
OCCUPATION OF PARIS.—GERMAN TROOPS HALTING FOR A PASSAGE DURING THE MARCH OF ENTRY.



A CARTOON PUBLISHED IN PARIS.—"HOW FRANCE SIGNED THE TREATY OF PEACE."



THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS.—GERMANS LOUNGING AT THE TUILERIES.



CAPT. TEMPLE.

WHITE.

WADE.

HOWE.

DOUGLASS.

THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—ARRIVAL OF THE "TENNESSEE" AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—GROUP ON DECK INCLUDING THE COMMISSION AND SHIP'S OFFICERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. THOMPSON.

THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.

The arrival of the Santo Domingo Commissioners at Washington, D. C., on the 27th of March, imparted fresh interest to the scheme of annexation.

When the *Tennessee* touched at Charleston, S. C., to enable the official party to hasten by rail to the Capital, the photographer who accompanied the expedition assembled the now famous party on deck, and photographed the gentlemen in a group, as a souvenir of the expedition. On the left stood the amiable Captain Temple, cap in hand, with our artist, Mr. James E. Taylor, smiling over his shoulder, while to his right were Messrs. Wade, White, Howe, Douglass, Blake, and others.

It seemed very doubtful that they would be enabled to go ashore, on account of the heavy sea, and the revenue-cutter which had been telegraphed for from Key West was not in sight when the *Tennessee* came to anchor outside Charleston bar. A pilot-boat was signaled, however, and into that, like so many cattle, the three Commissioners and the remainder of the party were lowered from the *Tennessee's* deck, each being tied to a board by ropes. With much difficulty and some danger the fourteen gentlemen, with bag and baggage, were safely packed away on the deck of the little pilot boat, on Sunday morning, at about half-past nine. They had hardly got up sail before the black hull of the revenue-cutter *Nansemond* was seen puffing around the point, and before they were a mile from the now historic *Tennessee*, she had their line, and was whipping them through the waters of the bay at a fearful rate, and giving them an unwelcome and a very cold bath. The baggage was also wetted. Everybody on board was wet to the skin, and to this circumstance is charged the illness of Mr. Wade.

Our landscape cuts pertain to the Haytian and Dominican capitals. At the northeast angle of the wall of Santo Domingo City stands the celebrated Cieba tree under which Columbus is related to have had a mass said, upon his first arrival at that

part of the island. The tree has an immense girth, being thirteen yards and twenty inches in circumference near the base. Its branches are wide-spreading, and the foliage looks green and thriving. At this point is a terminus of the Ozama River ferry, and the action shown in the illustration is that attending the weighing and shipping of precious woods, such as mahogany, lignum vitae, logwood, etc.

The building now occupied by Mr. Bassett, United States Minister to Hayti, was originally constructed, in 1849, for the residence of Soulouque, who was declared Emperor of Hayti on the 26th of August in that year, with the title of Faustin I. It is erected on the side of

the mountain, about two miles southeast of Port-au-Prince, and is spacious and very comfortable. It is furnished with two porticos, the lower one having screens to keep the glaring sunlight from the principal apartments. There are many tropical trees on the premises, while the mountains favor it with refreshing breezes.

The American Embassy at Hayti has of late years assumed considerable importance, and called for the exercise of much tact. The sensitive and impatient Haytiens, constantly jealous of the white powers, and of American aggressions in particular, have made the post an uneasy one for the incumbent, Mr. Ebenezer

D. Bassett, from the Colored Institute of Philadelphia, is a refined and scholarly gentleman, uniting the blood of the two races, and, although new to diplomacy, possessing many of the natural attributes of the statesman. His duties, demanding the closest watchfulness and most careful balance of rival claims, have been performed with acceptance down to the other day, when Senator Sumner, in his great Santo Domingo speech, administered to this gentleman his first public rebuke. Speaking of the sending of the *Dictator* and *Severn* to the island, and characterizing their presence there as an act of war, the Massachusetts Senator observed: "An American

Admiral was found to do this thing, and an American Minister, himself of African blood, was found to aid the Admiral." So far as this allusion tends to martyrize Mr. Bassett, he will probably find his account in it with an approving and partial Administration.

EASTER IN GERMANY.

OUR American game at Easter, with its "picking" of one egg against another as a test of strength, has in it something of the calculation, the mor-dancy, and the eye to the main chance, which go with our national character. It is, in fact, a cock-fight in embryo. The German Easter—like the German Christmas, with its Christ-child and its evergreen tree—bears those characteristics of poetic grace and home-love which we associate with the country of Umland and Goethe.

Overnight, under the merrily twinkling stars and among the pushing germs of the April garden, the father and mother hide the eggs. When morning comes, the *kinder* enact again the delicious surprises of Christmas—finding gradually among the flags and tulips and violets the treasure of great, splendid goose-eggs.

Thus, in the confidence and protection of home, does childhood find that Bearer of the Golden Egg which all ages, in some form or other, seek after. And these eggs of innocence go one degree further than we wisacres ever venture to stipulate for from any of our golden geese—they are ready boiled!



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—THE CIEBA TREE AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY, UNDER WHICH COLUMBUS IS SAID TO HAVE CAUSED A MASS TO BE CELEBRATED.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.

[There is undoubted merit in the following rather chosen verses, which we copy from the *World*.]

THE ENGINEER.

His station in life is lowly,
His hands they are hard with toil,
His pay for the work is meagre,
His garments are grimy with oil.

But brave, and calm, and silent,
Is the railroad engineer;
Perpetual peril has made him
A stranger to other fear.

And his is an exultation
That others may not feel;
For he is a part of his engine,
And his are its nerves of steel.

His are its hoofs of thunder,
His is its heart of flame;
He is the fabled centaur,
Harnessed and bridled and tame.

Smoke cometh out of his nostrils;
Fire from his blazing eye;
He saith Ha! ha! on the mountains,
And the valleys hear his cry.

The echoes mock in the distance
And summon the storm and the night,
And the whirlwinds howl in the gorges,
But he turns not back in his flight.

Over the trembling trestle
Where the tireless rot doth gnaw,
On to the spongy embankment
Where the fickle frost doth thaw,

Into the Stygian tunnel,
Around the treacherous curve,
Trusting the dubious signal
With grand Olympian nerve.

And when the dire disaster
Comes to the thundering train,
He stands like a warrior in battle—
Scorning all fear or pain.

So stood the noble Simmons
At Hamburg's awful scene;
And Death himself was daunted
At the man's heroic mien.

Then ceased the dreadful slaughter,
And this was his reward—
That his, of all the corpses,
Was neither scorched nor scarred?

Thus let him stand for ever!
Let all the world admire!
Translated, like Elijah,
In a chariot of fire.

DORA PAINE.

"CONFOUND IT!" muttered Jim Ogilvie, as he threw away his cigar; "this Norman town is becoming a bore. I must either 'go in' for absinthe or a small flirtation. Can't afford it with mine hostess. She'll stick me for something if I go through the shop. Hah! the dinner-bell of the Londres. Good! that solves the problem! Wash one's hands, and then to the caravanserai."

Jim entered the Londres. The motley gathering was composed as usual of French, who were mostly small government employés, and of the traveling English. Neither French ladies nor English residents ever much affected the Londres. The table, during the hot summer weather, was laid in the garden at the back of the house—a considerable improvement on the hot stuffy *salle*. Jim dropped into his accustomed seat next some English ladies, with whom, in consequence of their having resided at the hotel some weeks, he had scraped acquaintance, and began his dinner. Opposite were five places evidently taken, the chairs being tilted forward against the table.

"New-comers, I suppose?" remarked Jim to his fair neighbor.

"Looks like it," she rejoined. "You were right, Mr. Ogilvie, the night before last, when you guessed that that gentleman and lady were a bridal couple on their honeymoon. I hear it is so."

"Oh, no mistake about it!" said Jim. "Your ideas of devotion must be *exigante* in the extreme, or you would have seen it at once."

At this moment entered the party for whom the reserved seats were evidently in waiting.

A stout, florid man of fifty or thereabouts, accompanied by his wife, hale and comfortable-looking; a couple of daughters, apparently of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen; and a young lady of rather more mature age, dressed in half-mourning.

There was nothing much in such a party taking their seats to influence Jim Ogilvie, one would have thought; but the claret glass was arrested half-way to his lips, and a muttered "Good gracious!" escaped him.

"What's the matter?" said his neighbor. "Has the incursion opposite frightened you?"

"No—oh, dear, no! I thought I recognized the old gentleman opposite."

"Not often the recognition of a gentleman causes so much confusion," replied his fair friend, laughing. "What do you take him for?"

"Oh, no doubt about him!" replied Jim. "Made a lot of money in trade, somehow. Traveling with wife and daughters, to polish the latter. Hates claret, the life, the whole thing. Yearning for port, and to see his paper regular. Old lady much of his opinion—hates kickshaws and 'furren ways.' Daughters missy, Clapham-educated, full of airs and vulgarism. That's about a correct description of the family, I take it."

"But you are leaving out one," said the young lady; "that nice-looking girl in half-mourning. What is she? Niece, daughter or governess?"

"Beat there quite, Miss Wiston. Don't affect to understand her."

"Well, it's time for us to go. You shall give

me your views of that lady in half-mourning when you have had a little more leisure to study her."

And Miss Wiston and her party rose, and left the table.

"Deuced odd," muttered Jim, as the ladies departed. "If that wasn't Dora Paine, I never saw her. What on earth is she doing here? Wonderful hot weather we're having, sir?"

"Yes," replied the florid gentleman opposite, whose feminine belongings had also retired. "Suppose it's always the case in this confounded country; but my misses they would come abroad. As for me, I think there's no place like England. Never was out of it before, and wish I wasn't now."

"Well, I like a man with no prejudice about him," thought Jim. "Quite right," he said; "there's no place like it. These people don't know how to dine, spite of all they tell us about French cooking."

The cookery at the Londres was perhaps hardly a fair sample.

"You're right, sir—you're right," responded the florid-looking gentleman. "You're a sensible man, sir. No; I like my sirloin of beef and bottle of port afterward. Confound this wishy-washy claret and the kickshaws I've been living on the last six weeks! But the girls bullied their mother to come abroad, and she teased me into it—more fool I, at my time of life."

"Try a *petit verre* with that coffee, and one of these cigars," said Jim; "it's the best part of a Norman dinner."

And he threw his case across the table. "Thank ye, sir—thank ye," said the other; and in five minutes he and Jim were chatting together like old friends.

The cigars finished, they strolled up the garden, and Jim was introduced to Mrs. and the Misses Chalmers and Miss Paine. Jim bowed.

"Had the pleasure of meeting you last year at Lanceby, though I'm afraid my name has faded from your memory, Miss Paine," said Jim.

"No, Mr. Ogilvie, I recollect you perfectly," replied Miss Paine, somewhat dryly.

Considering what had then passed between those two, it would have been odd if she hadn't.

Jim's easy, off-hand manner and man-of-the-world converse made a rapid impression. He listened patiently to Mrs. Chalmers's petty grievances, put down the eldest girl's Clapham graces with a high hand, and snubbed the hoyden sharply in a London drawl of some years' practice.

Miss Paine looked on the while with a faint, amused smile. It was only as they strolled back that Jim could contrive for a minute to get a word or two with her.

"Dora," he said, "what does all this mean? What are you doing here? Do you forget our last meeting?"

"I should have thought you had. You took little trouble to discover me after the escape you led me into last year."

"My dear Dora, I had scrapes enough of my own on hand then. It was all I could do to take care of myself."

"Yes; I could fancy, after the manner of men that would be your first object. You don't, as a rule, trouble your heads much about what position you leave us in."

"Don't be unkind; I can explain all when I have an opportunity. What are you doing here?"

"Can't you conceive? I am governess to those girls. A little troublesome, but not bad girls in their way. The eldest is rather pretty. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know. I want to talk to you."

"Hush! Mrs. Chalmers is looking round. You liked early rising once. To-morrow morning, at eight, I will tell you all. I don't know this place. Say where, and I'll find it."

"The Jardin d'Évêques," whispered Jim. "You're quite right, Mrs. Chalmers; it is getting too late to stay out. I'm afraid I must wish you good-night;" and, lifting his hat, Jim departed.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he solaced himself shortly after with a pipe and a glass of Schiedam and water in his lodgings over the tobacconist's. "I had better go away. If I stay, I know I shall get spooned on that little Paine girl. She led me into playing the fool once before. Lord, what a wife I might have had!" and Jim laughed at the recollection of a time now gone by—an occasion on which Dora had seduced him from his allegiance to a lady with ingots, whatever else she might lack. And then Jim Ogilvie put down his pipe, and sought his pillow.

A few minutes past eight the next morning Miss Paine trips lightly out of the door of the Londres, rather to the astonishment of Marie, who thinks she's out earlier than most English. She stops for a moment to ask Marie the way to the Jardin d'Évêques. Marie directs her, and thinks she is making a species of mild pilgrimage to "the stones." For be it known, at the top of the Jardin d'Évêques, inclosed by posts and iron chains, are placed the identical flags taken from the old Cathedral of Avranches on which Henry the Second knelt to do penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Marie is a believer in bones and stones. She puts down mademoiselle as a *dévote Anglaise*, and thinks better of her accordingly.

Miss Paine trips quietly down the street, glances a minute or two at the busy marketplace, where buxom Norman hucksters, adorned with the old Norman cap, long, pendulous earrings, and those quaint, old-fashioned, gold crosses (family heirlooms of perhaps some hundred years), are busily chaffering over their swelling baskets of ripe, mellow fruit, and sees what she guesses to be the Jardin d'Évêques before her.

Miss Paine guesses aright, and, crossing the large open space at the top, is soon promenading the broad walk leading up to the penance-worn stones of the Plantagenets.

She had not walked far before Jim Ogilvie met her.

"Thanks, my dear Dora, for this meeting!" he exclaimed. "Come up above here. There is such a glorious view over the bay and country. You will see Mont St. Michel standing forth in all its glory this morning."

They ascended the little hillock in silence. To say the truth, perhaps both were a little puzzled as to how to begin. That there had been love passages between those two is obvious. But they had not met for some months, and picking up "the dropped stitches" on such occasions is sometimes awkward. The lady had a good deal the best of it. You see it was for Jim to take the initiative. A waiting race is always easier than forcing the running. As for Jim, he knew he was doing something foolish; but then his life had been passed in perpetrating follies, and Avranches was getting so dull.

As they reached the summit the girl stopped entranced. She had an eye for beauty in any form—beauties of nature or beauties of art. The fresh June sun poured down over the glittering bay with its wooded banks, up the long, straight, dusty road, so thoroughly French in its apparently interminable length and directness. While far away, still half-enveloped in mist, towered out that mystic Mont St. Michel, of which she had heard so much—as Pagan idol of the Romans, monastery and shrine of the Middle Ages, Bastille of the Revolution. Like some grim old-world monster, it looked out over the waters of the bay.

Jim saw she was spellbound, and for some few minutes forbore to speak. At last he said:

"And now, Dora, tell me about yourself!"

"In one moment. What a glorious view it is! Look how the sun gilds those dissolving clouds. Now that cloud landscape disappears as rapidly as it formed. Cape, hill, headland, mountain of that golden panorama melt away before the destroyer. So, Mr. Ogilvie, do the illusions of love and youth before the sun of this everyday life."

"Why do you speak thus, Dora?"

"Why do I speak thus?" replied the girl, bitterly. "Do you think the rosy tints have not been washed out of my young life already? Do you know or care what came of my listening to your idle nonsense when we last met? You know I was sent home in disgrace because I listened to you—that I changed the idle luxury of my aunt's house for the sordid pinching of my own home—and all because I was weak enough to listen to one who never thought it worth his while to inquire what became of me. Yes—you men, you teach us our lessons hardly; you bring the tears to our eyes, and a cracking to our heart-strings; but they're lessons we don't forget. No—you do your engraving deeply."

Considering their previous flirtation had been quite as much Miss Paine's doing as the hapless Jim's, this was not at all bad in "the injured innocence" style. Poor Jim felt as crestfallen as if he had been engaged, and deserted her at the altar, instead of having, by a sudden departure, abruptly broken off a flirtation.

"Dora," murmured Jim, "will you forgive the past so far as to believe me when I say, that if I had staid longer in England a debtor's prison would have been my fate?"

"And that prevented you from writing a line to one you professed, if my senses did not deceive me, to love!"

"Confound it!" thought Jim, "and I once thought this girl was shy. Wonder what I'd better say next!"

He was saved further cogitation on this point. Suddenly a pair of lustrous gray eyes flashed up into his face. The girl laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"Jim, dear, you're puzzled. You foolish fellow, can't you see you've plucked me by the little pains you took to inquire after me? Can't you see the girl you deemed so shy can be bold enough when she loves and meets"—here Dora's voice faltered, and she blushed beautifully—"the man she feared she'd lost?"

In a second Jim's arm was round her waist, and his lips met hers. "My darling!" he whispered.

"There! that will do, I'm sure," said Dora laughing, and extricating herself from his embrace. "Somebody must be looking our way, and I don't want to make gossip for the *table d'hôte*. I must run back now. See me to the gate, won't you, Jim?"

"Of course I will."

"Recollect I am 'the governess,' though I can do pretty well with I like with the old people, and get on fairly with the girls. If you want to see much of me, you must be intimate with them, mind. Good-by!" and with a smile and a nod, Dora left the garden.

As for him, he felt that it was all over with him, and that the forebodings over last night's pipe had been only too truly realized.

"Yes!" laughed Dora to herself, as she wended her way up the street; "it's true I've recaptured my truant lover, but then I don't quite know what to do with him now I've got him. I'm afraid poor Jim has got no money. Well, we shall see. In the meantime, being in love with me is good for him." She was a wise little woman in her generation, was Dora Paine.

The *table d'hôte* at the Londres that day was startled by the advent of a new-comer, whose irrepressible geniality speedily made him acquainted with every one there. He was attired in a light tourist's suit, and wore a white neckcloth. He looked like a parson out on a summer's tour. But mystery about him there was none. Time even for conjecture was wanting. Before dinner was over, he had, in the most genial, egotistical, off-hand way made every one in his vicinity quite aware that he was the Rector of Edendale, one of the prettiest parsonages in Hertfordshire—that he came abroad every year for a summer's run, to see fresh scenery and faces, to collect new ideas, and prevent his mind generally from rusting. He

wanted to see everything—he wanted everybody to join with him in seeing it. He fraternized with the Chalmers' party, drank wine with Jim, complimented Miss Paine, and laughed with the Wistons—told them his troubles about his cows, and how badly some land he farmed promised this year—laughed gayly over his bachelor life, and the discomforts of an unmarried parson. Finally favoring the company with some of his parochial difficulties, and how he believed it was all from the want of a lady at the Rectory.

"See Mont St. Michel of course he must. Hadn't they or the Chalmers' seen it? Delightful! Why not make up a party for to-morrow or the next day? Mr. — I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Ogilvie," supplemented Jim.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance. Would join also? Capital! Of course nothing could be jollier."

There was no holding the irrepressible rector on his travels, so the Mont St. Michel party was made up.

As Jim said "good-night" that evening, he

whispered to Miss Paine, "Come and have another look at the view to-morrow morning."

An arch glance and a little nod was Dora's response. But that walk the next morning was a very different affair from that of the previous day. It was true Dora was punctual to her tryst; but then she was accompanied by Miss Chalmers; and "that confounded parson," as Jim mentally called him, had also attached himself to them to see the stones of which he had heard from Miss Paine at dinner on the preceding night.

"So unlucky her taking early rising into her head," murmured Dora *sotto voce* as she bade Jim good-morning.

Jim sulked a little at starting; a mistake on his part, for the irrepressible rector (he announced his name as Phipps, by-the-way), in the ardor of his antiquarian researches, was compelled to apply to Miss Paine for information. Consequently Jim found himself paired off, he hardly knew how, with Miss Selina Chalmers. However, he soon recovered his spirits, and as there was nothing for it but to accept the situation, he rattled away to that young lady, who seemed not a little pleased with her cavalier.

She was a fresh, good-looking girl, and, though perhaps a nice observer might detect she was not quite a lady, she was anything but the missy vulgar girl Jim had stigmatized her as, on her first appearance at the Londres. Then her unmistakable admiration of himself tickled his vanity and stimulated him to make himself decidedly agreeable.

"Oh, Dora, how handsome and agreeable Mr. Ogilvie is!" said Selina Chalmers as they ascended the stairs of the hotel together.

"You think so?" said Miss Paine, dryly. "Perhaps he is. Jim, Jim," she murmured to herself when she got into her own room, "I can't quite make up my mind what to do about you."

The Mont St. Michel party came off in a day or two. A longish drive through a rather pretty country brought them to the edge of the famous sands over which the tide ran high daily, quite isolating the weird old rock from the main land. Fearful were the stories of people overtaken by the rushing waters in traversing that mile of silted sand, for the tide comes in like a mill-race in that Normandy bay. Dread the legends of strong men and bonnie peasant lasses who had been too venturesome, and had been sucked in by the rapacious quicksands that abound there. Stupendous were the lies told by the powerful, wiry, barefooted Norman guide of the rescues he had made over those treacherous sands; of the grim corpses he had seen in his fishing or fowling adventures there in the winter; of the wretched fate of men who had tried to escape from the *cachettes* of the drear old prison, as it was in the days of the Great Revolution.

Our party have arrived at the strip of shingly beach that surrounds the rock. They pass through the massive gateway, and ascend the steep ill-paved road into the little town, or rather hamlet, that nestles at its feet. Jim Ogilvie is a little discontented. Somehow Selina Chalmers seems fated to be his companion, while that "confounded parson," as Jim once more terms him, seems to have appropriated Dora Paine. They climb, you are always climbing to begin with at Mont St. Michel, those dreadfully steep stairs. The church, the cloisters, the *salle*, are all shown to them in their turn. They come at last to the *cachettes*, those fearful little dungeons under the roof; they peep in, but to their eyes, used to daylight, all seems utter darkness. Their guide in solemn tones narrates of political prisoners who entered those little cells as young men, only to leave them after many years; sewn up in a blanket, with a shot attached to their lifeless feet, for a sudden plunge over the parapet when the tide ran high.

The *oubliettes* of the Bastille recur to the memory. One thinks of those gay republicans of the tri-color, who danced the *carmagnole* and demolished the Bastille in Paris to establish it again at grim St. Michel. The world goes round, but men remain the same, and, like the beasts, ever worry their stricken brethren.

The irrepressible Phipps and Jim must of course try temporary incarceration in a *cachette* each, to see what it was like. Armed with a cigar fusee, each prepared for his enterprise. Stop! would no lady share the adventure? Of course. When was woman's courage known to fail on such occasions? Miss Paine and Miss Chalmers came nobly to the front.

"Now, Miss Paine," said Jim.

"In one moment," replied Dora.

Jim had been chafing, we know, for some time at the way in which Phipps had somehow monopolized Dora. Now was his time for an explanation.

"Give me your hand," he said, advancing cautiously into the darkness, and stretching his hand out behind him.

A little hand was put into his. He drew the owner gently forward, not forgetting to press the hand tenderly as he did so.

The lady gave a slight scream as the door closed behind them.

"Don't be frightened, darling," murmured Jim, as he stole his arm round his companion's waist. "I'll take every care of you."

"Oh, oh, it's so dark! Don't, please."

"My pet, I loved you from the first, you know—from the first time I ever saw you," and Jim, taking rather a mean advantage of the situation, snatched half-a-dozen kisses from lips that were certainly yielded with very little denying. "Never mind your friends or mine," continued Jim. "Only say you'll be mine. I never loved woman as I love you. Kiss me, dearest, and say yes."

A pair of arms stole round his neck, and a modest little kiss was given for answer.

"I say," called out old Chalmers, "haven't you people had enough of 'cachetting' by this time? I'm all for getting back to the lurch."

"All right," replied Jim; "let us out. I don't think it half so bad as it looks."

The door was opened, and Jim led out his fellow-prisoner—Miss Selina Chalmers.

Jim stared like a man in a maze; he was too dumfounded to speak. Miss Chalmers, whose cheeks wore the most roseate hue, seemed also quite afraid to encounter any one's glances.

"Now let out the other delinquents," chuckled Chalmers, and out of the next cachette stepped forth Miss Paine and the parson. Phipps looked a little serious; but Dora was as quiet and self-possessed as usual, taking Mr. Phipps's arm for the descent with the most perfect sang froid—Miss Chalmers, of course, falling once more to Jim's care. What to do he didn't quite know; but Jim's knowledge of the world told him this much—however he might get out of it afterward, he could do nothing now.

After kissing a girl for five minutes in the dark, telling her he loved her, and asking her to marry him (it's true by mistake), he couldn't quite throw her over the same afternoon. She was, as I've already said, not a bad-looking girl, and just "sweet seventeen" to boot; so Jim, in a more modified form, continued to make himself as agreeable as his utterly upset equilibrium allowed.

As for Selina Chalmers, she was too bewildered by a first and unexpected declaration of love to be more than rather frightened at Jim's *petits soins*, though she rather liked his calling her Lina.

The drive homeward was quiet. Jim was dying to have a few words with Dora; but that astute young lady never gave him a chance. He found himself always beside his fiancée. Jim, in his most ferocious moods, was lamb-like to women, and Miss Selina's barely-concealed blushes and general confusion insured her kind treatment.

On their return to the hotel, Jim made his adieu. The shy glance of Selina's dark eyes seemed to him his "kismet," and he could not refrain from returning it with a warm pressure of the timid little hand that was put forth to him at parting.

"One moment, Mr. Ogilvie," said Miss Paine, following him to the door. "Don't forget that book you promised me. I should like to see if I am right about that particular passage."

This was all Greek to Jim; but he was beginning to be aware that Dora's manœuvres were a little beyond him.

"Grand Place at seven to-morrow," she whispered, "and I'll explain all. Good-night."

Miss Paine had been but a few minutes in her room that evening before there came a knock at the door, and Miss Chalmers entered. She had had before this more than one little skirmish with Dora, in which she had been notably worsted, and it was an unusual thing on her part to make a confidant of Miss Paine. But then, you see, she was in all the flush of a first love. She had admired Jim Ogilvie very much from the beginning. Schoolgirl as she was, no one had ever made love to her before, and she took it very much in earnest now, as young girls generally do. Her sex's wit told her already that Dora, she knew not how, could influence Jim for good or evil as far as she was concerned. So she came to tell her story, and entreat Miss Paine to throw no blight on her young dream.

"You're quite right, my dear," said Dora, after hearing the somewhat faltering confession. "He has position, and is a gentleman. I knew something of him in England. Your papa has money; and if he only does what he should, you'll make a very happy couple. Poor Jim, you see, has nothing."

Selina started a little at "poor Jim," but she felt as if she were in Dora's hands, and then—well, she didn't want to lose her lover. "Shall you go out before breakfast to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Mayn't I come with you?" It had been Dora's suggestion, her coming the morning before.

"No. Don't be jealous, you little stupid, or I won't do anything for you. You may trust me, Selina."

"Good-night, Dora, and thank you so much. I know I have behaved badly to you often. But you'll forgive all now, won't you?" And Selina shyly offered her cheek.

Dora just brushed it with her lips. "It will be your father's fault," she said, "if you don't marry Jim Ogilvie. Now, good-night. Go to bed and dream of your marriage-bells ringing."

"Yes, Jim," she murmured, as Selina left the room; "I don't think you can have me; so I'll be magnanimous and do the best I can for you, though you hardly deserve it. Well for you, sir, you returned to your allegiance, to begin with, or I can't say what I might have been tempted to do."

And what were Jim's reflections that evening over his solitary pipe? That hardened ex-husar was completely beaten.

"Don't know how the deuce it's to come off,"

he muttered. "Not 'in the know' one bit this time. Wonder whether she did it on purpose? What does she mean? Don't think she means me, anyway. Rather a sell, because I was in earnest. What am I to do about Selina? Evening train for Paris to-morrow I should think's about 'my form.' Wonder what she's got to say to-morrow."

On arriving at the Place the next morning, Jim found Dora there awaiting him. "How well she looked," he thought, "in her half-mourning," as she came forward to meet him, the gray eyes dancing with fun.

"Oh, Jim, Jim!" she said, as she extended her hand, "is this your love for me? The first picnic we go to you leave me, and propose to somebody else. Wouldn't come near me all day even."

"You didn't give me much chance," said Jim, bitterly. "Besides, you know, Dora, I thought—"

"I know nothing," she interrupted, laughing, "except that Mr. Phipps had to take care of me all day, and Selina has told me what took place between you and her in the cachette."

"Dora, my darling, for Heaven's sake—"

"Come into the garden. Jim, and do be quiet. You can't have so many darlings; at least, not all at once, you know," said Miss Paine, roguishly.

"Dora, you know—"

"Do hold your tongue. Come and sit down on this bench, and listen to me."

"But you know I don't mean to marry Selina; that it was a mistake. I love you, and mean to marry you."

"Can't be done, Jim, dear," and Miss Paine shook her head solemnly, though, from a slight twitching about the corners of her mouth, it might be doubted if a strong inclination to laugh was not at that moment her ruling impulse.

"I don't quite know now how it all happened, Dora; but I believe you were the cause of it," said Jim, sulkily. "I half think you mean taking up with that confounded parson. I'd break his neck if I was quite clear about it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," replied Dora, sharply. "I'll not have my intended husband immolated. Don't look savage, sir. Listen to me."

"I didn't come here to be made a fool of!" said Jim, fiercely, as he rose. "Marry the parson, then. I shall start for Paris by the afternoon train."

"No, you won't. Jim, don't be foolish. Sit down, and listen patiently till I have done. When I first met you I liked you more than any one I had ever seen. Don't mistake me; I have never loved any one, not even you. I doubt whether it is really in me to do so. I was poor, and very tired of that poverty. I thought you rich, and wanted to marry you. If you had been, I should have made you a very good wife. I could have liked you as well as it is in me to like any one; perhaps better. If I have not much heart, I have a pretty good head. That little fiasco occurred, or I might have married you. Dreadful thing for both of us, Jim—eh? What could we have lived on? Neither you nor I are good at economy."

"Good-by!" he said, savagely between his set teeth. "You make me think worse of women than I ever did yet."

She laid her hand on his arm, and the mocking tones in which she had as yet spoken softened marvelously. Heartless as she was, still what of heart she had Jim had touched. At this minute, when she was about to bid him leave her, she could not but feel a slight pang that it must be so. She wavered for a second in her purpose, and then the worldly, scheming little head recovered itself.

"Don't go yet, please," she said. "Jim, we can't have all we would like in this world. If I was rich, I would marry you. If I tell you it was my plan that Selina entered the cachette with you, forgive me. It was as much for you as myself. You've asked her to marry you, and she has consented. Do it. Her father is rich. You were prepared once before to marry for money. Do it now. She's a nice girl—young. You can make of her what you will; and one thing more—she believes what women don't altogether in these days—"

She paused.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Thoroughly in her lover!" and Dora's eyes dropped.

There was a silence of some moments between them.

"And you," inquired Jim, roughly, at last, "who never cared for me—who led me to this you did—"

"Jim, don't throw stones. If I have had the best of it a little, I'm sure I deserved it. I risked most. Let the past be buried between us."

"But you—what do you mean to do?"

"Do?" she replied, with a light laugh—"why, marry the parson, of course, you goose! He can keep me, which you can't. He's not quite asked me yet, but he will before two days are over. Now, don't be sulky any more, Jim. Do as I tell you, and leave me to myself. It's best for both of us. Good-by! Shake hands, and let's part friends. Yes—you may kiss me just for the last time."

"By Jove, Dora, you're a clever woman!"

"Thanks, monsieur."

And making him a low courtesy, Miss Dora took her way back to the hotel.

A few days elapsed, harassing in the extreme to poor Selina, who was dreadfully jealous of the attentions that her affianced occasionally showed Miss Paine. In vain Jim told her that "was but to take off suspicion." In vain Dora laughed at her. The girl was jealous, and had some cause for it. Those two worldly Philistines could hardly confide to her that the Rev. Phipps had to be slightly stimulated; but so it was. Four days saw her troubles over. At the end of that time, Miss Paine, in a charming effusion of blushes, announced her engagement. Jim followed suit. Mr. Chalmers was at first a little indignant at the latter; but in

twenty-four hours, during which Dora had placed it to him in the most favorable light, immensely proud of his daughter's conquest.

Jim and his wife got on very comfortably. Selina is submissive on every point but one, and that is any intimacy with the Phippses. As for the Rev. Phipps, he believes implicitly in his wife; and if she is occasionally a little "coquette," she is far too clever to go the length of ever letting scandal be busy with her name.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL IMPOSTURES.

[We find the following brief papers in the "Transactions of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York," just published.—Ed.]

On several occasions, I have taken the trouble of calling the attention of the society to a series of archaeological impostures, that have found a place in our newspapers, chiefly those of the West, where there seems to be a morbid tendency in this direction. Most of them are too transparent to deceive any man of ordinary intelligence; but some are rather adroitly conceived, and have led some very clever students into a painful kind of semi-credence. At their instance, I have several times taken the pains to "hunt down" the current story, and to find it "a hoax!" You will remember the "full and particular" account of the vast, subterranean temple in the Palisades; the wonderful excavations under Rock Island; the remarkable tunnel under the Mississippi River, opposite St. Louis; "the great stone jug in Martin County, Ind., eighty feet high;" "the Onondaga giant;" "Professor Scott's discoveries in Utah," etc. *ad nauseam*. I am almost ashamed to refer to these preposterous stories, which fall within the same category with the accounts of the golden plates of Mormon, the "Holy Stones" of Newark, the Grave Creek inscribed stone, and Pontell's Discoveries in Guatemala. But when we look back to what the exact sciences have had to pass through, in the way of absurdity and extravagance, before they took a positive shape, we cannot wonder that the infancy of American Archaeology should be thus beset. The task of fool-killer is not, however a pleasant one, nor yet that of clearing away the dead wood of falsehood and ignorance. It is far easier to inculcate a truth than to eradicate an error.

Apart from sheer inventions, like those to which I have alluded, there is another class of impostures, made such by extravagance of description, and absence of critical or accurate appreciation on the part of observers. I mean, in matters in which there is a basis of truth—a granule around which careless explorers and loose writers contrive to crystallize a mass of startling and utterly erroneous statement, without apparently being fully conscious of what they are doing. Striving after effect—the prevailing vice of American writers of a certain class—often carries men past the line of simple extravagance into the region of real, if not intentional falsehood.

I am led to make these remarks from having just seen in the newspapers what purports to be a *résumé* of a report of "Governor Army, Special Indian Commissioner in New Mexico," in which he describes certain ancient remains in the Cañon of Chelly. There is no reason to suspect the accuracy of the report generally, for the existence of extensive ruins, in the region between the Gila and Colorado, has been known for hundreds of years. Nor am I surprised at the popular, uncritical, and utterly unsupported hypothesis that ascribes these remains to the "Aztecs." But when I read that among the ruins are found "handsome arches, and other architectural devices and ornaments," I suspect something more than extravagance of statement.

In all my explorations in the western part of our own country, and in Central and South America, the seats of highest aboriginal civilization, I have only once found the arch proper among remains *prima facie* aboriginal, and that was among the ruins of Pachacamac, twenty miles south of Lima, in Peru. The building in which it occurs is of Inca origin, and called the Mamacona—i. e., Convent of the Virgins of the Sun. It is one of several of the same origin intruded among the far more ancient structures of the natives of the Coast, subsequently to the Inca conquest. As will be seen from the photographs that I now submit, this is a perfect, well-turned arch, composed of adobes of large size, in all respects equal to any composed of similar material that are raised to-day. It is said that arches are also found among the aboriginal monuments in the vicinity of Tumbes, Northern Peru.

We all know that a kind of bastard arch, formed by overlapping stones, or flat stones set at a certain pitch against each other, like the rafters of a house, was known among all the relatively civilized nations of the continent; but the true arch is a thing exceptional, and the one to which I have alluded entirely enigmatical, as I can scarcely conceive that the knowledge and skill of which it gives evidence, could have existed even among these wonderful architects, the ancient Peruvians, without having a wider or more general application.

I do not believe in the existence of arches among the ruins in the Cañon of Chelly, or anywhere else in New Mexico, except among the remains of the old Spanish missionary establishments, which have more than once been confounded with the monuments of the Indians.

But whatever exaggeration or error of statement may have been made about the ruins in the Cañon of Chelly, it is dwarfed by the assertion that was made by Captain Carmichael, at the late meeting of the British Association in Liverpool, namely, that "he had recently returned from California, where he had heard a Japanese and a Digger Indian of Nevada, then brought together for the first time, converse intelligibly!" I heard a similar story about the remnant of the Yunga or Chimu Indians, of the town of Eten in Peru, who preserve their ancient language. These, it was alleged, could

converse freely with the newly arrived Chinese. I hardly need say that I found not the slightest ground for the statements.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is expected home about the last of April.

QUEEN VICTORIA will travel next summer on the Rhine and in Switzerland.

SAN FRANCISCO is getting ready to give the President a reception on his forthcoming visit to the Pacific.

RHINEHART has completed, at Rome, the model of a colossal statue of the late Chief-Justice Taney, in official robes.

THE KING OF SWEDEN has decorated Professor Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, with the order of St. Olaf.

JOHN TAPPAN, for forty years President and Treasurer of the American Tract Society, died in Boston, March 25th, in the ninetieth year of his age.

MR. G. W. CHILDS, the well-known publisher of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is the choice of the independent democracy for the Mayoralty of that city.

AMONG the valuable presents which old General von Moltke received during the war in France, was a costly sabre sent him by the Shah of Persia.

QUEEN VICTORIA presided at the opening, on Wednesday, March 29th, of the mammoth Albert Hall of Science and Art, which afforded space for ten thousand spectators.

J. A. S. WHITE, of Wattsfield, Vt., has left \$70,000 to the University of Vermont for aid of indigent students, stipulating that no colored student shall have any of its benefits.

REV. JOHN MURRAY, eighty-four years old, sent out as a missionary to the Indians by an Indiana conference, recently took rooms at a St. Louis police-station, out of money and hungry.

It is rumored that the Bourbon partisans have united upon the Count de Chambord as the future ruler of France. A liberal constitution, and a parliament modeled after that of England, is proposed.

JAMES CABRAL, the revolutionary leader in Santo Domingo, has written a letter to Vice-President Colfax, in which he denies that he is fighting for any purpose but to secure the independence of Santo Domingo.

DR. T. W. TALLAFERRO, who died in Cincinnati a few days since, was the last surviving officer of our forces engaged in the naval battles on Lake Erie. He was then acting as surgeon on one of the American vessels.

THE fortune of the Duke de l'Hyernes, who was killed in the front of battle at Orléans, is said to be more than 20,000,000 francs. He was considered the richest Legitimist of France, and has left, it is reported, no direct heirs.

It is stated that an agent of Louis Napoleon, while the latter was at Wilhelmshöhe, purchased the house of Ajaccio, in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born, with a view, it is thought, of making it the residence of the late Emperor.

AMONG the \$2,700 worth of jewelry stolen from Madame Seebach, in Washington, was a cameo cut by St. Gandens, the most skillful cutter in Rome, valued at \$1,600. In her *Juliet* she can now truly sigh, "Cameo, cameo! where art thou?"

MESSRS. BOWLES, of Paris, held a reception, on the 15th ultimo, at the apartments and picture-galleries over their bank, to enable Americans to meet Lieutenant-General Sheridan and staff and the members of the Paris-American Ambulance, who acted so creditably during the siege.

WHEN General von Moltke stood before the portraits of Bazaine and MacMahon in the palace at Versailles, he is reported to have said to Bismarck: "I think we have done about as much as these gentlemen; but the Prussians will never put our pictures or statues in any Pantheon in Berlin."

GENERAL KANE, brother of the Arctic explorer, and organizer of the Bucktail Regiment of the late war, is reported dangerously ill. From his mountain château at Kane, Pa., comes a special telegram to this effect—a late operation for a wound received in fighting the rebels having resulted badly.

GENERAL CARROLL TEVIS, of Philadelphia, of brevet rank in the American army, and who commanded a division in Bourbaki's force, has returned to Paris, on his way to join his family in England, covered with laurels, and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his bravery in the field.

ELLIS LEWIS, noted in the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania, Chief-Justice of the State Supreme Court from 1834 to 1857, a member of the commission appointed in 1853 to revise the criminal code, and otherwise prominent in public affairs, died at his home in West Philadelphia, March 28th, at the age of seventy-three.

THE Ex-Emperor Napoleon visited Windsor Castle on the 27th ult., and remained an hour with Queen Victoria and family. An address of welcome was made by Lord Stanley. Marshal Canrobert's children were also present. The castle grounds were filled with a great crowd of people, who cheered Napoleon heartily.

LOUIS BLANC, so long prominent in French politics, is a Spaniard by birth, having been born in Madrid of a French family of Rouergue driven out of the country during the Reign of Terror. He is said to be one of the firmest advocates of a republic, and to be as obstinately opposed to the Orleanists as to Louis Napoleon.

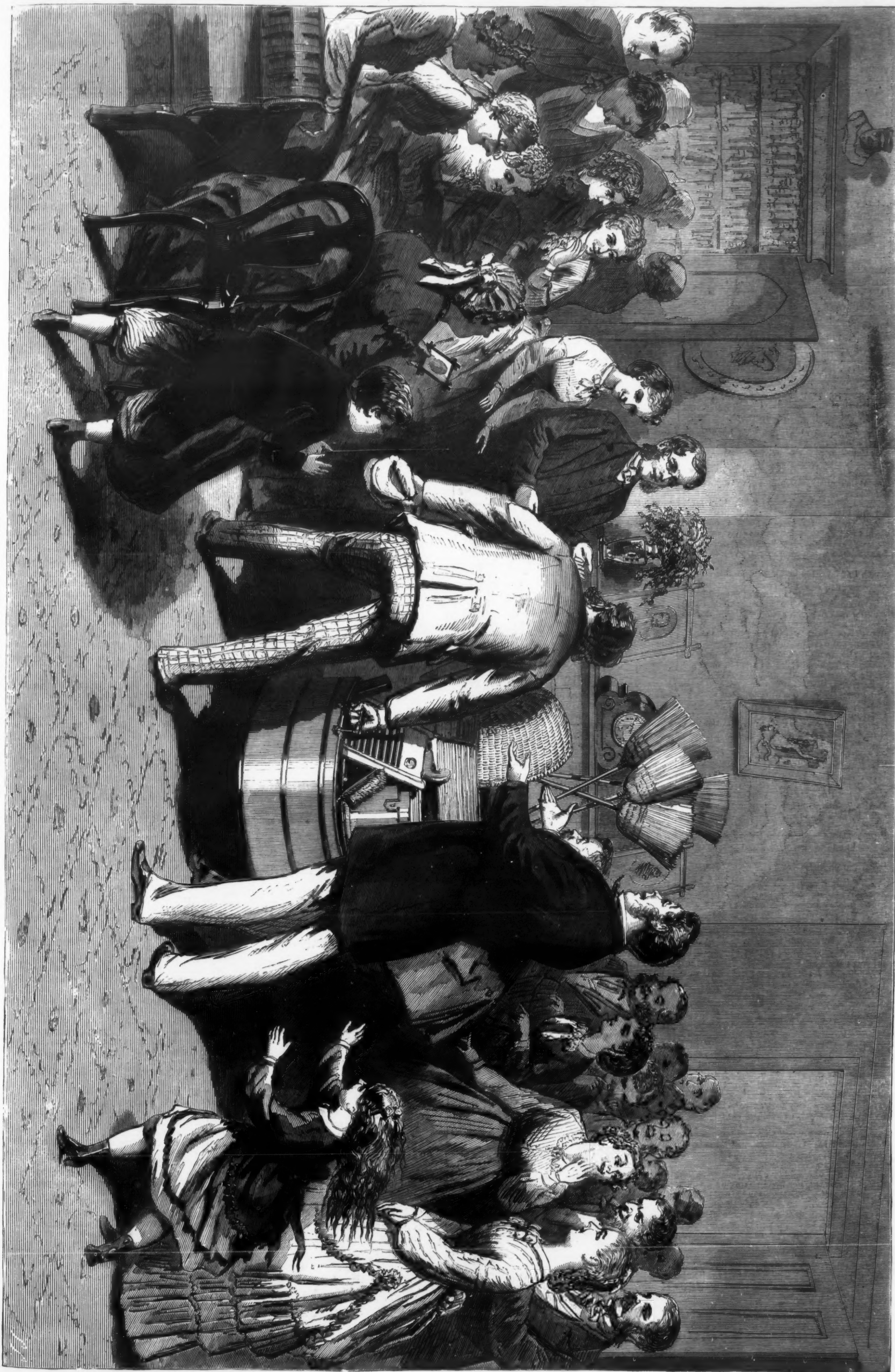
REV. ALEXANDER FAIR, of Christ Church, New Orleans, is totally deaf, yet preaches constantly and converses fluently, understanding everything that is said merely by the motion of the lips. He returns instant and pertinent answers to every question, and it is said that unless the fact of his deafness is mentioned it would never be known.

MYRA CLARK GAINES, who has become famous by her persistent pursuit of her rights and property in New Orleans, through thirty-four years of tedious lawsuits, is sixty-four years old, and she takes pride, perhaps satisfaction, in asserting that of the one hundred and three lawyers who opposed her in those belligerent years, seven have committed suicide and fifty-five drank themselves to death.

A TELEGRAM from Stockholm, on the 30th of March, announced the death of Wilhelmina Frederica Alexandrina Louisa, Princess of Orange and Queen of Sweden and Norway. She was born on August 15th, 1825. She was the daughter of Prince Frederic, uncle of the present King of Holland, and granddaughter of the late Frederic William IV., King of Prussia. She married the Prince Royal of Sweden on June 19th, 1850, and, after his succession to the throne as Charles XV., on July, 1859, was crowned with him at Stockholm as Queen of Sweden in May, 1860, and at Drontheim as Queen of Norway in the July following. She had but one child, a daughter, who was married to the Prince-Royal of Denmark in July, 1869, who is connected by marriage with the future Emperor of Russia, the future Emperor of Germany, the future King of England, and brother to the King of Greece.



EASTER EGGS—FINDING THE HOARD—A PLEASANT GERMAN CUSTOM.—SEE PAGE 75.



THE MINISTERS WOODEN WEDDING—A NEW ENGLAND SCENE.—See Page 76.

SNOWDROPS!

Snowdrops, beautiful snowdrops white!
Your fair heads nod in the dull, gray light
Of the winter-dawn, when the sole glad thing
Is the bold thrush tuning his pipe for Spring.

Elfin lurk in your tremulous bells,
When ye cower in the snow on the bare,
bleak fells;

Where your green leaves gleam in a waste of
white,
As the gold stars glint on a summer night

With their calm, pure eyes in a sea of blue!
Ye shine, ye shine as a spirit true
Shines out with a holier, steadier ray,
When the dark night showeth least signs of
day.

First flowers! Oh, how doth their mention
thrill

To the heart that is shrouded in winter still!
As the feeble wall of the new-born boy
In the mother-soul lights the lamp of joy.

Welcome ever the birth of Spring,
With her holy monitors, whispering
Great Nature's lesson of simple truth
To the wayward ear, and the heart of youth!

Welcome, beautiful snowdrops white,
Harbingers of the sunshine bright;
Glad forerunners of length'ning hours—
Welcome, first of our April flowers!

ONE FALSE STEP;

OR,

THE STRIFE FOR COVETED WEALTH.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

LEON recovered slowly, and his impatience
did not mend the matter. He chafed like a
caged tiger, poor, weak, helpless mortal, cursing
the fever, the doctor, and Amy.

She bore it patiently; she that had saved his
life bore his cruel, unfeeling, cowardly words
without a murmur.

"Poor Leon is so sick," she said; "he won't
talk so by-and-by, when he is well."

What faith! What love! The doctor's
thoughts will come to us just as they came to
him. "Would it not have been merciful?"

Leon Correo was a man of powerful will and
iron constitution, and before he could muster
strength to leave his bed alone, he made Amy
help him to the great chair, and then he sat
and examined the letters that had accumulated
during his sickness. He answered them all,
and wrote others besides, one of which was to
Willis St. Clair.

"It will prepare his mind for the little shock
that I intend to give him," said he, folding the
letter. "No doubt he congratulates himself on
his escape from—Bah! no one knows it but
St. Clair and my humble self. It will be quite
a pleasing surprise to him. He is sharp; but if
I outwit him, he can blame no one but himself.
He taught me, and I was an apt pupil. Amy!"

"Here I am, Leon."

"Piles and piles of letters to mail. Help me
back to the bed, and I'll rest a while. You can
take these to the office."

"Leon, who is this Willis St. Clair?"

"Why, Amy?"

"You talked so much about him when you
were sick."

"What did I say, Amy?"

Leon tried to appear unconcerned, and suc-
ceeded in hiding his eagerness from the trust-
ing Amy.

"Such horrid talk, Leon, I dare not repeat
it. But I don't suppose you have any recollec-
tion of it."

"Not the slightest, Amy. I must have been
very crazy."

"You don't know what terrible words you
used. But you are tired, Leon. Now rest, and
I will put every one of these in safely."

CHAPTER IV.—RESCUED, AND THE RESCUER—
MUTTERED THREATS.

THE horse, startled by the sound of pursuers,
increased the speed, while Edith grew faint and
dizzy. She knew that to be thrown was almost
certain death, yet how could she keep her seat?
She felt that her hands were relaxing their
grasp, felt that she was becoming unconscious,
but there was no help. She closed her eyes
and prepared for the fall, if a perfect abandon-
ment of all exertion, whether of mind or body,
can be termed a preparation. Indeed, in such
a position, we think she could have found no-
thing more suitable.

But she did not fall. The rider of the black
stallion came up, and, falling in by the side of
the little filly, rode for a moment in that man-
ner, and then reaching over, caught the bridle,
and with little difficulty stopped the frightened
animal.

Edith was now wholly unconscious, but he
alighted and lifted her down, just in time to
prevent a fall. Then securing the horses, he
went to work to restore her.

When Edith opened her eyes, she was seated
on the soft grass, her head resting on a bunch
of new-mown hay that the stranger had brought
from the field, and he was chafing her hands
and bathing her face with such cool water.
She remembered everything, but the feeling of
safety, after such a terrible fright, was so sweet,
that she closed her eyes again, and enjoyed for
a moment the soothing influence of the almost
feminine touch of the stranger's hand.

"You are better?" said the stranger, when he
saw the eyes unclose. "You had a terrible
fright."

"I am much better, thanks to you, sir," said
Edith, the musical tones of her voice thrilling
the young man even more than her exquisite
loveliness of face and form. "You saved me,
sir?"

"I saw you pass the house, and, following,
was in time to prevent a fall. But if you
are able, I will help you on to Dick—he is per-

fectly safe—and we will return. I dare not
trust you on the filly."

"I would walk sooner than trust myself," re-
plied Edith, shuddering. "We were going to
Mr. Lansing's, but I think I will postpone the
visit, if you will show me the way to Palm
Grove."

"With pleasure, Miss St. Clair; but you are
past the Lansings'."

"Yes, I remember now; and there were so
many people looking at me. But is there not
some way that I can reach home without pass-
ing there?"

"Oh, yes; but your uncle must be there
waiting for you."

"Let him wait, then," said Edith, mischiev-
ously, and the man laughed. "He knew that
I had not been in the saddle for a year," con-
tinued Edith, "and yet he gave me that wicked
horse. He deserves to wait; and if he is
anxious, he will come on to meet me."

"I have nothing more to say," said the
stranger, smiling. "My name is Wallace Lan-
sing, a nephew of your neighbor. Now we
turn in here, and follow this path, which will
take you directly to Palm Grove, and much
nearer than by the road."

Edith had been shut up in the house so long,
that she found this new acquaintance quite ac-
ceptable, notwithstanding her former assertion
that she desired no company. And, indeed,
Wallace Lansing was a very agreeable person,
and no doubt would have made a favorable im-
pression upon her under any circumstances.

His full, earnest eyes had a habit of corrobo-
rating every word that his lips uttered, making
one believe everything he said; and his deep,
rich voice, vibrating so powerfully, yet mus-
ically, commanded attention, no matter how
trivial the words.

So thought Edith, as he rode ahead of her—
it was only a bridle-path—and, turning in his
saddle, conversed with her in his half lively,
half serious manner.

Then he looked so manly, so massive; yet
she saw that he was unusually well-propor-
tioned. He towered so high above her, that
she felt like a little child, and she half smiled
as she thought of the giants of her childhood's
days.

All the while he was talking to her, and ever
and anon those earnest eyes met hers, seeming
to divine her thoughts.

The cut across the fields was quite short, and
before she could decide whether she liked this
Wallace Lansing, this giant, he had alighted,
and was holding out his hands to take her
down.

This little episode in the hitherto quite se-
cluded life of Edith, opened the way for
friendly intercourse between the two families,
and from thence extended to others living
about Palm Grove.

Willis St. Clair—he had never quite forgiven
Edith for running away from him—had now no
reason to complain of Edith's low spirits. With
Henry Lansing and his sister Dora, and quite
often Wallace Lansing, she roamed the country
round about Palm Grove, until at last St. Clair
declared that his niece was more of a madcap
than ever.

Toward her uncle, however, she preserved
the same demeanor; but he found no fault.
He controlled the property. He asked no more
at present. By-and-by he might—well, show a
different hand; but it would not do to hurry
matters. He could afford to wait.

His little black eyes did snap sometimes, it is
true; but it was only when he thought of the
growing intimacy between Wallace Lansing and
Edith. He seemed to have taken a dislike to
the young man. Perhaps he did not forget
how he had rescued Edith at the time that he
did not really want her rescued.

Whatever his thoughts, whatever his reasons,
he never allowed them to come to the surface,
but wore a smiling face that would have de-
ceived a casual observer into the belief that
Willis St. Clair was one of the best of men.

CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE LOVE—A VISITOR AND
HIS STORY—PLANS.

WILLIS ST. CLAIR was sitting in his private
room when Leon Correo's second letter was
brought to him, and when he read it, his
thoughts were similar to those called up by the
first.

"I knew the writing," said he, throwing
aside the letter; "but there is something about
it that I do not understand."

He felt uneasy; in fact, very uneasy; and
he would have sought an immediate interview
with this Leon Correo, had that person seen
fit to acquaint him with his whereabouts. As
it was, he was forced to content himself with
waiting, for New Orleans was a large place to
search for one man.

Passing through the hall, he heard Wallace
Lansing's voice in the parlor. It was nothing
unusual, but that letter had not left him very
good-natured, and his slack eyes snapped faster
than ever as he muttered:

"Curse the fellow! I must attend to him
when this other little business is off my hands."

He placed his hand upon the door, but on
second thought he turned away and passed on.

If Edith had heard the muttered curses, as
he turned away, she would have been even
less at ease in the presence of her honored
uncle Willis, and, haply, she might have sought
a worthier steward. Moreover, she would have
marveled at this display of wrath.

Indeed it was strange. There seemed no
very good reason for displeasure. A few
weeks only had Edith known Wallace Lansing,
and with half an eye, St. Clair could have seen
that she was not a woman to surrender her
hand on so short an acquaintance, even if she
had given her heart. As to the heart, if any
one had been bold enough to ask her, she
would have declared that there was no love.

She certainly was fond of his society, and if she
gave him the preference, it was simply because
of the little debt of gratitude she owed to him.

That was all, and Wallace read it so himself.

He was scarcely further advanced than
Edith. He had probed his heart a little deeper,
perhaps, and found nestling in one corner a
little of the article called love; but he left it
there just as he found it. Under other circum-
stances he might have nourished this little
spark into quite respectable proportions; but
situated as he was, and as he thought Edith
was, he deemed it unadvisable to meddle with
it. So he drew a little curtain over that love,
and only nourished the friendship.

Judging from this, St. Clair was a little in
advance of the exigencies of the case. Prob-
ably feeling quite certain where it would lead
if not disturbed, he was making preparations to
disturb it, before it became too late.

When St. Clair returned to the house, he
heard the same voices, but he passed on with-
out heeding them, save to repeat the curses
that had been issuing from his lips for the last
half hour. As he took good care that they
should come to no ears but his own, they fell
quite harmless.

He passed on to his room, still muttering,
still cursing. He heard steps outside, and
presently a rap at his door. Without the
slightest idea who could be there, he opened
it, and met—Leon Correo.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "Leon—"

"Beg your pardon, Mr. St. Clair," said Leon,
interrupting him. "You are Willis St. Clair,
I am Leon Correo."

"Ah!" said St. Clair, in the blandest possi-
ble manner.

Leon took a seat, and settled himself in it
quite homelike.

"Yes, Captain Leon Correo, of the Liberal
Army of Cuba."

"Ah!" repeated St. Clair, if anything, more
provokingly civil than before. "You have
pitched your camp among strangers."

"But have not forgotten my friends," replied
Leon, quickly. He evidently knew the man he
had to deal with, and was prepared to return
trust for trust, and two for one if need be.

"You received my letters?"

"Both."

"And no doubt were pleased to hear from
me."

"Very much pleased I assure you, Captain
Correo. I waited so very impatiently after the
receipt of the first, for I knew who my distin-
guished visitor was to be; but, I assure you, was
sorry to find that you are not more punctual
as Captain Leon Correo of the Liberal Army of
Cuba, than you were as plain—"

"Leon Correo," suggested Leon.

"I know there are some quite unpleasant
associations connected with your other name,
but really—"

"No personalities, if you please, Mr. St.
Clair. We are equals now, whatever may have
been our former standing; and I demand, and
will have, at least, a show of respect."

"By what right, Señor Correo?"

"By the right that I acquired one dark night
when a train of passenger cars was accident-
ally thrown from the track."

"Ah!" said St. Clair, tuning just a shade
paler, but betraying no other sign of emotion.
"But, pray, what has that to do with it,
my dear captain?"

"Shall I go further?"

"Do, if you please. Already I am interested
in the tale."

"The dénouement is quite startling, St. Clair.
You will like it even better than what you have
heard. But before I proceed, I think I will
produce a witness."

"Wholly unnecessary, my dear captain. I
shall believe every word you say."

"But you are so very, very incredulous at
times, that I think I will have the witness
within call."

He drew a revolver from his breast-pocket,
and placed it before him.

"There now, I can substantiate my state-
ment, should you by any means see fit to dis-
pute it. I don't say you would. Indeed, I
rather think you will not. And now to resume
the thread of my narrative. I think I had the
train off the track? Yes. Well, then came
the rolling and tumbling of the cars down a
little embankment not over thirty or forty feet,
followed by the breaking of heads, the smash-
ing of legs and arms, the crushing of hearts
and hopes, and all the *cetera* of a successful
railroad disaster, and nobody to blame."

"Really, my dear captain, you get on re-
markably well."

"Only the opening chapter. Is it too horri-
ble?"

"Merely exciting. Go on."

"Well, I am through with the accident; and
now introduce my characters. When the cars
became stationary, a man, who had fortunately
escaped injury, might have been seen dragging
another man, less fortunate, from the wreck,
and carrying him to the shelter of some bushes.
Ah! I have forgotten to name my characters."

"No consequence!" exclaimed St. Clair,
quickly. "The incidents."

"As you please. It was kindness that
prompted the action. I remember that I
thought so at the time, and drew near to see
the very benevolent person. I remained near,
and witnessed the whole."

"After this man had carried the poor unfor-
tunate out of hearing of the groans of the
dying, he proceeded to relieve him of what
little personal property he had with him at the
time. The wounded man made some slight
objection to this unnecessary attention, upon
which the other dealt him several gentle blows
upon the head, which convinced him—for the
time. Remember, I do not say that he never
spoke again, but for the time he was silenced."

St. Clair had listened with varying emotions,
but there was no trace of them visible, only in
the paleness of his face. When Leon paused,
he asked, with assumed carelessness:

"Did he ever speak again?"

"That is part of another story that I will
save for some future time," said Leon. "I
am tired of story-telling now. In fact, I never

liked it, and did it merely to convince you that
we stood on equal footing."

The two men remained silent for some time,
Correo carelessly humming a tune and watch-
ing St. Clair.

"Do you credit my little story, Mr. St.
Clair?"

"What can I do for you?" was St. Clair's
reply. "I am very well situated, and will help
you a little, if I can."

"Thank you, Mr. St. Clair. I am under
obligations to you. I am a little short of funds
just at present. You see, the Liberal move-
ment is hardly on firm footing yet, and we
therefore require some help. I have been
quite successful so far. Many of your promi-
nent men have subscribed liberally, and I look
for something handsome from you."

"When do you return to Cuba?" asked St.
Clair, after a long pause, during which his busy
brain had been hard at work.

"Within ten days. The vessel is now in
port."

"Could you take a passenger?"

This question was unexpected, and called up
a long train of rapid thought in the mind of
Captain Leon. He did not reply to it imme-
diately. It required some consideration, for he
knew not what there was behind it.

"No, I cannot, Mr. St. Clair."

"A lady?"

Again Leon paused before he replied, for
the mystery was unfolding.

"As my wife, or promised wife, Mr. St. Clair.
No other way."

It was now St. Clair's turn to pause. The
young man before him was going even further
than he had planned; yet the venture seemed
feasible, really alluring, and even safer, if suc-
cessfully carried out. He allowed his visitor
to see none of this, however.

"I presume the lady will have something to
say about that."

"Never fear on that score, St. Clair. Can I
see her?"

"She is in the parlor. We will go down.
But remember, she knows nothing of the trip
yet."

"I presume not," said Leon, with a very
pleasant smile.

"It is merely for her health, you know, that
I desire the change. Meanwhile, if you make
an impression, I shall not object."

"I admire your sincerity, St. Clair."

"No flattery, if you please," replied that
gentleman, really annoyed at the sharpness of
his visitor's vision. They were at the parlor-
door, and he assumed a playful mood, adding:

"You Cubans are such renowned flatterers!"

The Cuban made a decided impression. His
prepossessing appearance, the military title
which he had picked up somewhere, and the
endorsement of Willis St. Clair, procured him a
flattering reception, which he followed up skill-
fully.

An accomplished conversationalist, he called
his powers into full play, and for an hour
agreeably entertained Edith and her guests
with witty repartee, amusing anecdote, or
sketches of travel. Edith was particularly
gratified, which so pleased her uncle that for
once he threw aside his dignity, exhibiting a
fund of quiet humor that he had not hitherto
been credited with, and adding, materially, in
the general entertainment.

So the handsome Liberal captain was voted a
success, and pressing invitations to repeat his
visit were urged upon him, which he readily
promised.

There was one exception, however, to the
general favor with which Leon had been re-
ceived. Wallace Lansing had exhibited a very
evident dislike for the noble captain; but he
took his leave so soon after Leon's entrance
that his manner was barely noticed. Leon
was in blissful ignorance of the fact—almost
of the presence of Wallace—not noting his ap-
pearance sufficiently to warrant a recognition
should they meet again.

As Wallace was a man of good common sense,
we will suppose that he had some good reason
for his strange conduct, and await further de-
velopments.

When St. Clair and the captain were again
closeted together in the former's private apart-
ment, they resumed the conversation from
nearly the same point at which they had left it.

"You thought the lady might have some-
thing to say in the matter," said Leon, "but I
have faith that I can remove all objections."

"I must admit that the appearances were
quite favorable to-night; but you must not be
too sanguine."

"Never fear."

"Then you are willing to take this passen-
ger?"

"Willing and anxious."

"And the terms, captain?"

"You wouldn't object to an equal division?"

"Division! Of what?"

"The spoils."

Again St. Clair saw that he was checkmated,
and must try another move.

"Explain yourself, captain."

"Simply what little property she holds in her
own right, and which would go to you if any-
thing should happen."

"You are wild, Leon."

"There, there! Do you take me for a wo-
man, or an idiot? It is a waste of time, and an
absolute exhibition of childishness, for you to
pretend ignorance. I gave you credit for more
discernment. Pshaw! Do you suppose I have
come here without first making myself master
of the situation? Come, half or the whole
Take your choice."

St. Clair had seen more years by a full score
than Leon, but he was no match for him, and
he never was so strongly convinced of it be-
fore.

"Captain, you are too hard on me," he re-
plied.

"But in consideration of our long acquaint-
ance, I may say partnership, you will—please
finish the sentence."

"Accept the terms," said St. Clair, reluctantly.

"Very well. You have nothing more to do, except to put our little contract in black and white, and furnish the means to carry out the scheme. All other matters I take charge of myself. I shall be forced to stay with you for a few days. But it is late, and I will bid you good-night."

A MARIONNETTE MAN'S STORY.

AN ADROIT THEATRICAL HIT.

"A CAPTAIN bold from Hallfax" came up late in the summer to "dwell in the country quarters," on the borders of a shady grove which indents the western shore of the Hudson, at its widest point on the rolling Tappan-Zee; and there I had the pleasure to make his acquaintance.

His literary stores, brought in a small leathern bag, were very miscellaneous, yet all were more or less interesting, and one thing I found among these *disjecta membra*, which pleased me exceedingly.

I thought I had read everything which poor Tom Hood had ever written, in prose or verse; but here was a paper, in his very best vein, which had never met my eye before, though it was first printed, forty years ago, in Hood's London Comic Almanac. It was called "The Marionnette Man's Story," and is, in my judgment, one of the most adroit theatrical satires I ever met with, of which I will give you a realistic synopsis, embracing all its main points—for, now and then, it was a fault of Hood's that he illustrated until he confounded, in reaching out his *antennae* for floating particles of wit and humor.

But let us introduce the reader to the enthusiastic lecturer. "Mr. Henry Dools, T. R. M. C." (Theatre Royal Marionnettes Cosmopolites), who has "the most handsome of testimonials from schools, public institutions, and all the crowned heads of Europe," is the narrator:

"Gem'men," he commences, "you probably don't know what Marionnettes is, to start with. Few people does. You're probably prejudiced against Marionnettes—most people is. You see you don't know what Marionnettes are capable of—no, you don't! Even I don't know, though I'm at the height of the profession, and have stultified 'em from a child. They surprise me more and more every day. No livin' actor is on a level with 'em. It's 'the only legitimate drama of the present time, is Marionnettes. You see, you mayn't appreciate 'em, because your taste may have become so depraved by seeing real railway accidents and real fires and real murders on the stage, that you've lost your appetite for everything else."

"Ours is a honest profession than on any other stage. We let you see the strings that twitch up the trowsers' knees and velvet caps of our figures! Other stage proprietors pretend they ain't got any strings to their figures! Why, look at 'em! Compare 'em, for grace and for being life-like, with all my Marionnettes, and where are they? Perhaps you will let me know *ong passong*. And as to their private lives, do any of my female Marionnettes keep up diamonds and a landcan on three pounds a week, and bully the supers, and make the ballet cry? Put your hand on your heart, and do they, now? Nobody knows what feeling there is in wood, if you only know how to get it out. The engravers who dig pictures out of it knows a little about it; so do they who understand the Marionnette business in all its branches. I certainly ought to know something of Marionnettes—I've been bred up along with 'em, and served my time with 'em, and worked my way upward with 'em."

And he goes on to describe his progress from the first. He began with the rôle of "Taker-off," where he simply catches the figures when sworn at by the First or Second Worker. Then to Scene-shifter, Blue-fire Superintendent, and Sorter, or where he gets the figures in order, and the strings, with all the loops ready for the Workers' fingers and thumb; then to "Reader," which is performed by two persons (man and woman); then Stage-manager, where he collects the "properties" ready in a basket "ag'in they are wanted for use;" and last, to "General Manager and Proprietor," where he had nothing to do but bully everybody, take the money, pay nobody he could help, and go through the Bankruptcy Court, if the creditors were "disagreeable."

He didn't seem to think much of music as an aid to the performances. "I never was in the band. Music's all very well in its way, when sober, which is seldom in our line; but when compared with working on the heart-strings by threads, and lacerating the human breast with wires, that jerk passion into wooden limbs, where is music, I should like to know? I merely ask the question."

"You talk about emotion? I give you my word of honor as a Marionnette man, I've seen most of the best live players of the day doing the heart-rending business. They never made me drop the tributary tear. But I have given away with Marionnettes—made myself a regular fool with 'em. Their feelings is not put on. They never feel anyways different, which makes it so touchin'. Many is the time my hand have so twitched, pulling them strings, at seeing the poor senseless things go through their business so feelingly, in comparison with other actors, that I have let go, and called to my mate, or the Reader, and said: 'Here, Bill, or 'Joe,' as it might be, 'take these blessed strings and go on with the performance, for I can't, or my heart will bust!'"

He goes on to explain to his auditors that his actors are very different figures from the *Fantocchini*, who throw their arms and heads in the air, and skeletons who tumble down into

a heap of bones, and come right up again. He would never go in, he says, for that line. His was the "legitimate drama," and he never went below it, "excepting, p'raps, in the matter of ballets;" but "mine," he continues, "is a moral ballet. All my dancers' legs are fixed not to rise above an angle of forty-five degrees. Their skirts are long. Their under-clothing is trowsers, and not cobwebs, and their dresses are made right up to the neck. The most particularly squeamish of proprietors of Seminaries for Young Ladies have given me a testimonial that my ballet is modest and improving to the mind, and would no more raise a blush than, for that matter, any other ballets seem to do."

"No emotion, eh? You may think that wooden Marionnettes don't take any real, live, living interest in the parts they go through any more than other actors. I didn't think so once; but it's only after you've studied them figures for a long time, and begin to find out what is in them, that you come to know different. You pick it up in little bits, when you've to do with 'em for long together, as I have; and it comes home to you."

And the philosophical proprietor proceeds to prove, on the authority of clever gentlemen whom he had heard talk about it, "that there is a certain sort of influence, that the commonest things receive, through being associated with anything alive that can think. Everything that is handled by a human being gets some sort of dull life from being so handled. A piece of ivory that has been carved won't ever grow into a fossil, though it has been buried alongside of a rough piece of the same stuff that has turned into stone long since. I've noticed the same sort of influence when wearing another man's coat. It makes me feel different, like, because that coat has got hold of some of the properties of the wearer—a kind of virtue that comes out of him. And I know that Marionnette figures, when you're used to 'em for a bit, not only get into your ways, and all that sort of thing, but get hold of your notions, and the notions of the parts they play; and hardly want you to pull the strings to make 'em do what you want them to do."

And he adds triumphantly, with a full appreciation of the honest verdict of his contemporaries: "If you don't believe me, you can just go and ask other Marionnette proprietors; and I have an apprehension that even they will tell you the same thing."

"I have come to know that Marionnettes do think. It was after I went to a real theatre one day, and saw real actors, that I began to believe this. But I don't want you to believe it on my simple say-so, or on the authority of the scientific gentlemen whom I have quoted—gentlemen who have explained this as afore-said, and who can explain anything else you ask 'em to, just as readily. And now I should like to know how do you account for what I am going to tell you about the sagacity of my Marionnettes?"

And here ensues one of the most remarkable records of the varied performances of a "gifted" Marionnette, "which has been heard of authentically for a considerable portion of time. I had the handsomest Marionnette figure made for me expressly, with ten strings and an india-rubber spine. He had a lofty brow, and a complexion like the beautiful head out of a hairdresser's window, only, if possible, more 'aughty, and real hair for him to pass his fingers through. His knees, for suppleness, you never see the like of; and the way he would go down on 'em to declare his passion for the female figures, was sweet to behold. It always used to make the women-folks in the audience sniff, sort of hysterical, and say, 'Lor', now, ain't it just for all the world like life itself? He had a easy, gentlemanly bearing with him, and his toes had a natural habit of setting out graceful, the like of which nobody would believe."

This wonderfully intelligent actor was called Romeo, being constructed especially for that character, "as regarded his knees, and also his spine. No one ever came up alongside of him in that part." The play itself, the proprietor admits, "is a good one as far as it goes, and improv' to the mind;" but he was obliged to "alter it a bit here and there, like other managers, according to taste." For instance, in the second act, where Romeo says, "I would I were thy bird," he made him sing a song of that name as "singlar appropriate," Juliet coming in in chorus, "and both their attitudes gave every satisfaction."

The ending of the piece was considered as too melancholy; so the Tomb Scene was changed into a "Palace of Perennial Peace and Plenty," where Romeo and Juliet were married over again, with "a Ballet of Montagues and Capulets; Blue Fire; Curtain."

There was no part this figure ever did so well as Romeo, especially in love-making. He had become so perfect in this, that he could very nearly do it without any strings at all. "He must have done it so," says the proprietor, "because his feelings would oftentimes so carry him away, I'll defy you to know whether you had hold of his string or not. I have seen him do sagacious acts, entirely out of his own head, that was not in mortal strings to account for, nor ever was wrote down in his part for him to do, exactly like a live actor would, only ever so much more appropriate."

"The feelin' he had for Juliet no one ever knew but me. A lovely figure of a woman she was, light flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the very best of spangles; clever, too, but only five strings, and hardly the sort of woman you'd have thought a Marionnette of his abilities would have taken up with as he did. To watch them two figures making love was the sweetest sight you ever see. I never could get him to act with any other blessed female Marionnette but her, and that was a most singlar thing of itself. I believe if we hadn't altered the ending of Romeo and Juliet, the Tomb Scene would have been too much for him. He was that wrapped up in Juliet, I believe his constitution would have given way under it."

Romeo took all the leading parts subsequently, but, whatever part it was, he wouldn't work unless he had Juliet to play with him! "If that wasn't sagacity, what was it? Strings wouldn't account for it, for, whenever he became perfect in a new part, he always had his own way, the manager being little more than prompter to him in case he broke down; all the rest the highly gifted figure did of his own accord."

He tried the rôle of George Barnwell, but did not take kindly to the part, "because, you know," explains the manager, "Juliet played Miss Milwood, and he didn't like to see her in such a low capacity. However, he went through it very creditable, and when he would come down on his knees, and put his head in her lap, and say, 'Oh, Milwood! Milwood! I'de me, I'de me, for I have murder'd my ung-kill, the best of ung-kills!' we mostly stopped for applause, leaving Romeo to manage his handkerchief out of his own head."

"A very favorite scene of his was where the chaplain came to say his last hour was come, and would he please be so good as to step upstairs. He would then gracefully comb his hair with his fingers, draw himself up to his full height, and say in a commanding tone, 'Lead—a—on, sir! Lead—a—hon! Lead—a—hon!' You could so easily see the strings twitching up his trowser-knees, so 'aughty was his bearing as he strode on to the scaffold. He was executed publicly, as a solemn warning to audiences; and, though degrading to Romeo, he never seemed to mind, so long as he could convey a moral lesson to the public, without being separated from his Juliet. He would go through with his hanging, meek and gentlemanlike, shaking hands kindly with the clergy, as if, instead of being a very inferior character, with no strings to speak of, he wasn't Romeo, with ten strings and self-acting knees, to say nothing of the high capacities of his own head. You might have heard a pin drop while it was going on."

Romeo and Juliet at last became so attached to each other, that they seemed to pine away when they were apart; and "Romeo's spine gradually became weaker, though his bearing was as 'aughty as ever," being too proud to show the worm that was eating at his vitals."

At last one evening, after they had been married upon the stage for the three hundredth time in the Tomb Scene, the manager says to his wife, "'Don't you think if we was to marry them two properly, when the public is gone out, that they might live happily ever afterward?' She was as much taken with 'em as I was; and from her tender woman's heart, she said, 'Yes, bless 'em! by all means!'" So they had up the curtain and went through the ceremony, making the clergyman "do the service more solemn than in the general performance, with a real gold ring, that came out of a brooch belonging to the missus."

"From that time," says the manager, "them two sweet little figures seemed as cheerful as anything, and Romeo's knees and spine became surprising. They could do any mortal thing, them two Marionnettes, in the way of parts, provided they only played together, and we never had the mind to separate 'em. A more wonderful thing I never seen."

Some of the more "advanced" theatre-going readers of this journal, in perusing the foregoing, will surely be reminded of a London company of Marionnettes, who had secured an engagement at the old Park Theatre, in New York, not long before it was burned down for the last time. They were certainly the very perfection of acting machines—one or two "stars" among them, especially.

And, after all, is there much difference between the performances of those accomplished Marionnettes, and the reading of a play of Shakespeare, by the Rev. Mr. Bellin, in London—a fine-looking parson of the Church of England—while the stage, above and behind him, represents in dumb show the speechless actors and their gesticulations, illustrating the emotions which the reader conveys to them? Were they not the Marionnettes, and he the Manager of them all?

THE MINISTER'S WOODEN WEDDING.

THE pen which has given American Literature "The Minister's Wooing" and "Oldtown Folks," and which has left for us such perfect crystallizations of New England character, should be the one to describe this picture. It is Yankee from end to end. The Minister, whose five years of frugal wedded life have aged him so decidedly, is a type, not of the improved Channing *cultus*, but of the good old Calvinistic, Puritan theology; his helpmeet, so thrifty and "capable," is a true Down-East housewife; as for the rotund genius who is seen introducing the budget of gifts, he is the one fat man of Oldtown—the invaluable "jolly fellow," who can lead an address in the vestry, spring upon a chair and declaim the Fourth of July oration, or organize a huckleberry party.

Five years have passed since the raw student of divinity became, with the aid of the Elder's eldest daughter, a clerical Benedict. He has labored faithfully, if narrowly, in obedience to that somewhat acrid computation of duty which is the best form of Yankee "calculation." His flock have been faithfully visited; his church has been annually whitewashed under his wife's personal supervision; and his own little house bathed from time to time in a wash of red paint. His duties have been categorically performed. And he feels, as the "jolly fellow" hands him the tub and the brooms—emblems of purification—that he may accept them without *arrière pensée*. Especially may he receive the "portable properties" with a free conscience if—as will sometimes happen among our thrifty neighbors—they are intended to cover some little calculated negligences that have occurred in the payment of salary.

NEWS BREVITIES.

PHILADELPHIA has 122,751 buildings.
DELAWARE peach-trees are full of blossoms.
PROVIDENCE appropriates \$325 for English sparrows.

BOSTON proposes a tunnel to East Boston, to cost \$2,168,170.

THERE are seventeen ex-rebel officers in the present House of Representatives.

THE Prussians had during their stay at Eprenay exacted 5,000 bottles of champagne.

THE Crown-Prince and Princess of Saxony have taken up their residence at Compigne.

PHILADELPHIA has shipped 6,556,263 gallons of petroleum to foreign ports since January 1st.

THE Cuba sugar-crop will show a decrease of from one-fifth to one-quarter less than that of last year.

AN Ohio lady has been made violently insane by laughing-gas, and has been taken to an asylum.

THE Chancellor of the Austrian Empire has forbidden the celebration of the German victories at Vienna.

RAIN is annually becoming more frequent in Egypt, in consequence of an extensive increase in the cultivation of the palm there.

THE double birthday of the King of Italy and his son, the Crown-Prince, was celebrated for the first time in Rome on March 14th.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has recommended to the Senate Committee on Commerce that a port of entry be created at Duluth, Minnesota.

WAYNE COUNTY farmers say they now have 40,000 pounds of oil of peppermint, worth about \$100,000, left on their hands by reason of the war in Europe.

THE Philadelphia Mint will redeem each kind of United States copper, nickel, and bronze coins, when forwarded in even sums of \$20, or any multiple of \$20.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been headed by Prince Orloff, at Brussels, for the disinfection of the battlefield of Sedan, in order to prevent the spread of epidemics diseases.

A CINCINNATI, who rashly asked for Martin F. Tupper's autograph, received by return post an autograph letter and four photographs, taken in different positions.

ADVISED from the Upper Androscooggin and its tributaries, in Maine, report the snow there to be three feet in depth, and the weather to be excellent for timbering purposes.

THE Turkish Government has just ordered 32,000 Winchester repeating rifles of the company at New Haven, and 600 breach-loading mountain and field-guns of the system of L. W. Broadwell.

BROWN UNIVERSITY has just received the largest Holtz electrical machine in the world. It produces electricity by induction instead of friction, has a 30-inch plate, and will produce a 15-inch spark.

A YOUNG woman who was in the house at Mount Carmel, Pa., which was blown up recently by sympathizers with the Coal Miners' Union, has since died from the effects of the fright she received at that time.

THE University of Pennsylvania has received an unwelcome compliment. Somebody has been palming off upon Canadians and Europeans, for money, degrees supposed to come from the University of Pennsylvania.

THE citizens of Indianapolis, Ind., are already preparing for the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in their city on the 16th of August. An excursion is proposed to the coal-fields of the State.

A REQUIEM was held in Munich on March 11th, for the souls of the Bavarian soldiers who fell on the battlefield. The total loss of the Bavarian contingent during the war amounted to 750 officers and 11,497 men. Of these, 150 officers and 1,494 men are dead.

"CALIFORNIA DIAMONDS" are likely to be something besides mere quartz crystals ere long. Large and fine stones, the real article, are lately found in the Arizona gold-mines. One brought to San Francisco weighed three carats, and was worth five hundred dollars.

A COAL-PIT near Rotherham, England, has been on fire for one hundred years. So considerable is the heat that persons possessing gardens above the colliery declare that the growth of plants is materially affected, and that they are enabled to obtain two and three crops every year.

THE steamship *St. Laurent* sailed last week from this city with her last consignment of arms and munitions of war for France. She carried among her cargo 1,676 cases of cartridges, 674 cases of harness, 1,444 cases of rifles, 205 cases of bayonets and 67 cases of projectiles. The whole cargo was valued at \$798,955.50.

A FRENCH deputy, M. Jaubert, has sent his resignation to the Academy of Natural Curiosities, of which he was a member. In his letter he said: "The war between France and Germany has been of such nature that no Frenchman can, without compromising his dignity, keep up even scientific relations with the other side of the Rhine."

THE German Peace Jubilee in San Francisco, on the 22d ult., was a great success. There was a long procession, in which seven thousand jubilant Germans joined. The most noticeable feature of the procession was a party of miners, thirty in number, with their loaded pack animals, after the style of "the days of '49." The *atta* says they scratched themselves in a suggestive manner!

NEW ORLEANS protests against receiving any more legacies from well-intentioned, but rather crack-brained old millionaires. John McDonough's large bequest, the papers say, was absorbed by the lawyers; the greater portion of that left by John D. Fink was stolen by somebody; and, lastly, that continual bone of contention and litigation, the Girod bequest of \$100,000, has dwindled to \$30,000.

THE French navy, after being a nuisance to its own country, has been a nuisance to other nations in foreign waters. It has not accepted the verdict of the war, for when the steamship *Japan* left Yokohama, on the 22d of February, sixteen German vessels were virtually blockaded in Yokohama, and in Chinese waters, or near the coast of China, by French cruisers. And German-built vessels sold to English subjects had been captured by French cruisers, and were being held as prizes.

A MAN has been recently seen darting into the various New York City Departments, and button-holing the clerks and officials, seeking for their influence to aid him in securing a contract to put in "one pane of glass" in the new Court-house. Diogenes insists that he is very poor, and will soon die of consumption, but that if he can only secure a contract to furnish one pane of glass for the new Court-house, "on the usual terms," he will be able to realize money enough to leave his wife and children in comfortable circumstances when he is taken away, and thus be able to die happy.



SCENES IN THE COAL REGIONS.—MINING OPERATIONS—PREPARING THE BLAST IN A BREAST.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

SCENES IN A COAL MINE.

STUDENTS of human nature tell us that the German miner is the most contented man on the face of the earth, or, rather, below it. He cares for no more attractive boulevards than the damp and dusky leads that have been opened by the blast and pick. While those whose labors are above the earth, and not quite so earthy, may doubt the statement, it is true that, give a miner fair remuneration for his work, he will take as much pride in picking his way direct to China as those who toil for an overland journey.

Our illustrations are from sketches recently made at Bomans' Beaver Creek Colliery, Mahanoy City, Pa. The mine extends into the mountain. Panting of engines, rushes of steam, and roars of loading and unloading coal, make up a community of sounds befitting the above-ground portals. Robbing ourselves in a suit of rubber, we passed through the entrance with Mr. Mark Bomans as our cicerone. The avenues or leads run in different directions, and are pushed forward as fast as the detached coals can be removed. Rails are laid in these leads, on which the cars, termed tubs, are hauled by mules, driven by "putters" or little boys. The hewers blast and dig out the coal, usually working in squads, and dividing the labor according to the special ability of each man. Thus, one or two will prepare and fire the blasts, while others immediately commence picking the coal and loading the tubs. These filled, the "putters" come along with mules and draw the coal to the mouth, in the case of a horizontal mine, or to the shaft when the mine is perpendicular. One is struck with the apparent carelessness of these men. In preparing the blast, one man drills the hole, while his companion, raising the powder-flask to a level with the little oil-lamp in his hat, pours the powder either on a piece of paper laid across his knees, or into the other hand, held in about the same position. The hole ready, the powder is thrust in, the men light their pipes, and, as the slow match is ignited, saunter a short distance off, and enjoy their tobacco until the lead is cleared of the smoke from the powder. As the hewer excavates the coal about every two feet, a piece of

timber is placed horizontally across the place, and an upright piece on either side, forming a framework to support the roof. The inefficient propping of headings has led to many accidents. In several places the rails either cross or join each other, as the leads converge, and, to prevent accidents, a little boy, called the "watch," stands at the intersection from morning until night, with no one to keep him company, to signal the "putters." As a tub is drawn through one lead, and approaches the junction, he runs to the next one, and the flashes of the lamp on his hat indicates to the driver of the tub in that lead that he must hold up a few moments to let the other pass. In many mines there are no drivers, the mules or small ponies tramping steadily along their dark track from the heading to the mouth.

In a future number we shall give further views of our artist's visit to this underground region.

HOLY THURSDAY AT VIENNA.

We read in Holy Writ that, the last supper being ended, Jesus arose, laid aside his garments, girded himself with a towel, and proceeded to wash the feet of his disciples. This ceremony, performed with all the impressiveness of the divine nature, has since been regularly imitated by the Church and State of Europe, on Holy Thursdays.

At Rome it is customary for the Pope to lay aside, one by one, his pontifical robes, until his person is concealed only by a white garment. He then adjusts a broad band of lace

about his loins, and receives the golden bowls containing water. Twelve priests, selected by the representatives of the various Catholic sovereigns, are supposed to typify the twelve disciples.

Previous to the supper, the Pope passes from one to another, washing the feet of each, and drying them with the lace band symbolizing the towel. The washing takes place in the Cathedral of St. Peter, and the supper, which follows, in the chamber adjoining the grand balcony of the same basilica.

In Austria this is one of the most interesting of Court ceremonies. It takes place in the Imperial Palace at Vienna. The candidates are the oldest and most pious men and women that can be found in the city. The Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Empress, assisted by the principal ladies and officers of the Court, perform the ablutions in the presence of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen in the Empire.

The Emperor, holding the golden vessels, stands before the altar, where the Bishop invokes a benediction on the service, while the Empress, with her maids-in-waiting, washes and dries the feet of the female candidates. To the right, the ceremony is performed by the chief princes of the Empire on the aged men, whose piety has rendered them worthy the high distinction.

The apartment is filled with courtiers in full and brilliant costumes, while to the right are seen officers attired in religious robes for the occasion.

For this Penitential Service, the candidates are provided with special costumes, and during the entire day, in the banquet-hall as well as the chapel, they are treated by the Imperial household with the utmost consideration.

In the search that has been made for a new paper-making material there has been some success. Good paper is now made from esparto, a wild grass growing in Spain and the Barbary coast in large quantities. It certainly makes very good paper, and might take the pressure off rags, which are still rather scarce and dear. It was imagined that when the trade was opened with China the teeming population of that great empire, dressing as it does in



SCENES IN THE COAL REGIONS.—MINING OPERATIONS—THE WATCH-BOY.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

HOLY THURSDAY IN VIENNA—WASHING FEET OF THE POOR BY THE IMPERIAL FAMILY IN THEIR PALACE.



cotton goods to a large extent, would be able to yield us a plentiful supply of old rags. Those who counted upon this source of supply knew but little of the economical habits of the Chinese. Rags were not likely to be wasted in that country. On inquiry, it turned out that the material in question was used up—for what purpose does our reader think? for making the thick soles for boots! As may be imagined, all waste paper is sorted; the clean, such as the shavings and clippings from bookbinders and envelope-makers, is worked up afresh as white paper. The fluff of cotton that is given off during the course of manufacture, is, however, available for paper-making, and for the manufacture of coarse sheets and bed-covers. The American cotton waste is used in making furniture and fancy articles—a product like papier mâché. A paper could be written on the uses of waste fibres alone. Great quantities of the waste of hemp and flax are made into bags, sheeting, and yarn. The outer husk of the cocoanut, (not the shell), makes capital cordage, very light and strong; in these particulars, indeed, it has the advantage over hemp.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

THE REV. DR. FIELD, editor of the *Evangelist*, thus describes a trip he recently made to Virginia and over the route of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad:

"With the morning we were off on our ride to cross the Alleghenies. It is in this upper portion of the route that one sees more the vast work undertaken by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Having a train at our command, we stopped at will to examine its construction. Many portions have been built at enormous labor and cost. The road thus far has been completed for years, but the present company, wishing to make the grade as even as possible, are changing the line at many points, and are literally cutting down the hills and filling up the valleys. Some of the works are of tremendous magnitude. Deep gorges are spanned, not by mere wooden bridges hung over the chasm, but by flung them up with huge embankments. The work is of the most massive character. As the road strides across a succession of ridges, these all have to be cut down or bored through. I think we passed through twenty tunnels in our morning's ride, one nearly a mile long. Thus climbing along the mountain's brow, or running through arches of stone, long galleries hewn in the living rock, we flew onward till at noon we halted at the famous White Sulphur Springs.

"The White Sulphur Springs is for the present the terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which is completed only to this spot. We are now two hundred and twenty-seven miles from Richmond. It is but two hundred more to the Ohio River, and this is now being rapidly built. Some five thousand men are along the line piling up the embankments. The work will be pushed with all speed; and in the summer of next year, 1872, the cars will run through from the waters of the James to those of the Ohio. The western terminus is fitly named Huntington, in honor of the man who, having been greatly instrumental in carrying through the Central Pacific Railroad, has here sought 'another world to conquer.' In carrying a road over the Alleghenies as he did before over the Sierra Nevada. It is a gigantic undertaking, but its success is secured. It must be one of the continental trunk lines, like the Pennsylvania Central or the New York Central, a vast commercial highway, over which the products of the millions of the Great Valley will find their way to the ocean.

"Standing here on this mountain top of Western Virginia—for we are now just over the border, one gets some idea of the vast natural resources of this Old Dominion. Here we are on what geologists tell us is the great coal field of this continent, far broader and better than that which has so enriched and built up the neighboring State of Pennsylvania. In the passes of the mountains, where the rivers in a course of ages have worn their way through successive strata of rock, the cliffs on either hand are ribbed with huge black seams which show the vast deposit of that which, for a nation's wealth, is more precious than mines of silver and gold."

AMERICAN WATCHES.

Every man who has anything to do requires a reliable timekeeper. A feeling of national pride leads all to prefer an American watch; but local dealers have for several years discouraged their customers from buying them, and for this reason only, a larger profit could be made on foreign watches, and the frequent repairs such watches required was a steady source of income to the watchmaker. Waltham watches have year by year grown into favor with all who have worn them; they have proved not only reliable, but economical, as repairs are seldom needed. They, like other standard articles, are sold at moderate prices, which afford the retailer but small profit compared with that which can be made on other watches. But they require no urging—they sell themselves: hence, wide-awake dealers make this up by keeping a full stock and selling a larger number. Many dealers now divert their customers from the Waltham to other inferior watches, and, by disparaging the Waltham and recommending these comparatively unknown watches, they sell them for a higher price and thus secure a larger profit. We understand that Waltham watches are furnished to the retailer at prices which will enable him to sell them cheap and yet make a fair profit. Therefore, all intending to purchase, and who prefer an American watch, should insist on having their preferences respected.

We send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "Price-List," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, N. Y. All prices reduced since February 1st.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader* says: "The firm of Geo. P. Rowell & Co. is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way—that is, to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

If your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I HAVE used the Grover & Baker Machine almost constantly for eleven years, doing all kinds of sewing on it, from the finest cambric ruffling to the heaviest English Beaver cloth. I find it invaluable for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Gathering, and everything in general that fingers can do. I prefer it over all others on account of its simplicity and durability, and could not be induced to use any other kind. Mrs. J. OPHELIA LEESE, Parkersburg, W. Va.

The disguised drama, falsely called medicines, sold in barrooms as "tonics" and "stomachics," have nothing in common with Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. That famous invigorant does not owe its stimulating properties to fiery and adulterated alcohol, but to medicinal roots and herbs never heretofore combined. The effect of the Bitters in cases of constitutional debility, chronic indigestion, liver complaint, and all diseases tending to consumption, is so marvelous, that, except to those who have felt or witnessed it, the result seems incredible.

Our gentlemen friends cannot do better than order of Mr. Richard Meares, Nineteenth street and Sixth Avenue, New York, their new shirts. This celebrated manufacturer of "Paragon Shirts" fully maintains his high reputation for excellence in material, quality and fit. For prices, etc., see advertisement.

A VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT.—Hall's rubber nipples, tubing and teething-rings are strongly endorsed by the State Assayer; and mothers need have no apprehensions of harm resulting to their children from a use of these articles. See advertisement.

PREMATURE grayness of the hair should be prevented, and the best and surest preventive is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

ANY YOUNG LADY WHO WILL forward her address, with four two-cent postage stamps inclosed, will receive the ONCE A WEEK gratis for four weeks.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 808-20

Meares' PARAGON Shirts

Made to order of Best Materials, and WARRANTED TO FIT. Sent by Express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

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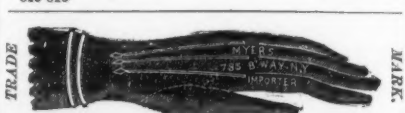
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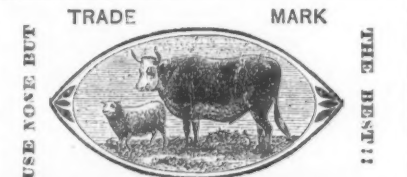
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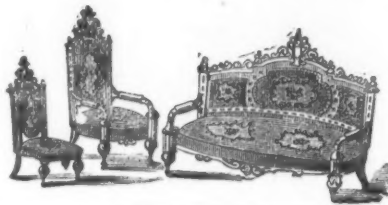
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